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The Missionary survey



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✓ Presbyterian Survey

THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



JANUARY, 1918



Mrs. M. P. McCormick and Pupils, Soochow.



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.
AT HOME AND ABROAD

PUBLISHED BY
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE MISSIONARY SURVEY'S CAMPAIGN FOR 50,000 SUBSCRIBERS

THE GOAL:

**A Subscriber in Every Presbyterian Home.
Every Church on the Honor Roll.
Is Yours There?**

A UNIQUE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Here is a pastor who has been doing some constructive thinking for The Missionary Survey, with the result that one Sunday morning last month about as original and unique an announcement was made in his church bulletin as Jack has seen. That bulletin is bound to be alive, likewise the pastor, likewise the congregation, if this is a fair sample of its weekly contents.

Imagine that congregation, which is not a large one, and which has never had more than one pastor at a time—imagine it starting with surprise, as the church calendar was opened and there in perfectly plain black printers' ink and bold type was the announcement of the engagement of an *Assistant Pastor!* But read the notice for yourself:

CHURCH NOTES.

An Assistant Pastor.—The pastor is happy to be able to announce the conclusion of arrangements to secure an assistant pastor. In fact, he is now here, and has already called at a number of homes. Now don't become frightened, for twenty-one families of our congregation are contributing towards his support. He is rather eccentric, for he goes only where he is invited. Some very desirable results will soon be apparent: (1) The assistant pastor will call more regularly than the pastor was ever able to do. Once a month, rain or shine, snow or fair weather, he will call upon every one of these twenty-one families who contribute to his support, and also upon any others who invite him in the same way. (2) There is nothing narrow or parochial about him. On the other hand, you will find him unusually broad-minded and intelligent, being well informed about great world topics. He is most genial and affable and can talk to you in a charming way about things which you have so often considered dry and uninteresting. Moreover, he is always thoughtfully considerate—will never bore you by staying too long, but always ready to end his visit when you are weary. He won't get offended, nor will he carry gossip. (3) He will guide your boy and girl in their reading and thinking; will exert a refining influence upon every member of the family; will lead you to consider the largest interests of God's kingdom. How much did these twenty-one families contribute for his support! Only 50 cents apiece, \$10.50 in all. But how can a man live on \$10.50 a year, and do all this work? He can. He isn't a man. He is a paper—a magazine. "This Missionary Survey" is our assistant pastor.

A campaign will be conducted this week to introduce this "Assistant Pastor" to all our families. This will be done by our Sunday-school League. The whole membership of the League has been divided into two sections, and these again sub-divided into teams of ten each under the leadership of captains. These teams are going to make a house-to-house canvass of the congregation in the effort to secure a subscriber for the "Survey" from every home. Think of the special features of this magazine, with not a dull page to be found anywhere in it; crisp editorials, short articles, writers of international fame, helpful suggestions, programs for seniors and juniors, all causes of the Church presented, pictures from everywhere, latest news, books reviews, etc.—and all for about one cent a week or 50 cents a year. No home can afford to be without it.

HONOR ROLL.

Added to the Honor Roll: Woods Church (near Dadeville, Ala.), Wildwood, N. C., and Seguin, Texas.

THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

WADE C. SMITH, Editor

LAURA E. ARMITAGE, Assistant Editor

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A CALL TO ARMS!

Jack is down off the pole and in khaki. His trumpet call is to rally every Missionary Survey reader to the **THREE MILLION DOLLARS FOR BENEVOLENCES** campaign.

This is the greatest movement for all the Assembly's causes ever undertaken by our Church, and to make it a complete success every man, woman and child in the church should have a part in it.

Jack is glad to sound the trumpet call to all "his crowd" to enlist and to help make this campaign a glorious success.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

This: Your competent secretaries for several years have been saying that gifts to the benevolent causes have been too small to carry on the Lord's work like it should be done. Some of the committees have had to go in debt in order to support your missionaries on the field. Some of your leading men have decided it is too great a shame to go on like this any longer. It became more apparent when it was noticed that your money was coming out freely, generously, gladly to buy Liberty Bonds, support the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.—all perfectly good causes and worthy of support. But it was not known before how nobly you could give. Shall those worthy causes be **OVER-SUBSCRIBED** and the *worthier* cause—that of carrying out the Great Commission—the cause which lies so close to the heart of the Master—be **UNDER-SCRIBED**? God forbid! That's what it is all about—just that.

And now we are all going to make an honest effort to give all we can in cash before March 31st to the Assembly's causes to help them close the present year free of debt; and when the Every Member Canvass is taken in March for next year, beginning April 1st, we are going to pledge at least 50 per cent. increase, to be paid through the year, by the week, so our beloved Church can really begin to measure up to its opportunity in the field for God.

Jesus **GAVE** for you until it **HURT**;
Have you **GIVEN** for him until it hurt?

"A-G-L-A!"—"Ask God—Listen—Act!"

AMERICA - A FIELD - A FORCE

HOME MISSIONS

REV. S. L. MORRIS, D. D., EDITOR,

MISS ELEANORA A. BERRY, LITERARY EDITOR.

HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

HOOVER AND HOME MISSIONS

IN the campaign of Humanity vs. Germany one of the most effective weapons to be employed in winning the war is the conservation of the food supply. It devolves upon America not simply to furnish its quota of men, but to feed the world in the present crisis. While our noble President is appealing to men to offer themselves upon the altar of patriotism, Mr. Hoover is calling upon our devoted women to sign cards pledging their co-operation in practicing the strictest economy, that our allies and armies may not suffer for lack of bread, while battling for humanity and righteousness.

To one class of our people the call for economy is entirely unnecessary and may seem a trifle ludicrous. The Church itself has been *compelling* economy and the utmost self-denial in the homes of its devoted servants, who have dedicated their lives to evangelize America. The word "luxury" is not in their vocabulary, and the meaning of "plenty" is not a Home Mission experience. Missionaries starving on \$25.00 a month will perhaps read Mr. Hoover's appeal for economy as a grim joke. Wives of missionaries are in reality domestic servants, and their children know Santa Claus and Christmas through books, rather than from experience.

When others are practicing conservation of food either from patriotism or from the high cost of living, it might seem an appropriate time to think sympathetically of our brethren who have already in times of abundance been practicing economy from dire necessity, and now in this food crisis are face to face with privation and suffering. Cannot those who are not compelled

by pinch of want to save show generosity and combine patriotism with charity by giving of their surplus to relieve the hardships of our embarrassed Home Missionary wives?

Does the Church appreciate the fact that the Home Missionary receives only a part of his salary from the Executive Committee, and must depend on his group of weak churches for the remainder? These missionaries are writing that their churches in their poverty and distress can neither pay promptly nor in full, and that they are unable to live on the small supplement given by the Committee of Home Missions.

As an illustration of self-denial, we know of one mission school in the mountains having more than one hundred pupils, which has had meat only once since the school opened in September. The meat for that meal cost \$14.00, and they cannot afford such luxury when attempting to feed these boys and girls on \$7.00 per month.

Peter raised the question, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" Might we not in the spirit of that inquiry ask, if the rich are feeling the distress of the high cost of living, where shall the poor and the Home Missionary appear? We pass this problem on to the Church; and if the pastors of our strong churches allow Red Cross Campaigns and Y. M. C. A. War Work Councils to absorb all the sympathy and gifts of their people, where shall we secure the means to keep the wolf from the door of the Home Missionary; and where shall we obtain the means to carry on the campaign of evangelizing and feeding the starving souls of our fellow-countrymen?

THE FEBRUARY SUBJECT

SYNODICAL, PRESBYTERIAL, CONGREGATIONAL HOME
MISSIONS.

HOME MISSIONS AND EVANGELISM IN MISSOURI.

REV. TRIGG A. M. THOMAS,

Synodical Superintendent of Home Missions
and Evangelism.

MORE than one-half of the 147 churches composing the six Presbyteries in the Synod of Missouri are Home Mission churches. Many of these are located in that portion of the State where the gospel need is greatest and where the people are unable to meet that need. There are also needy sections in the State where we have no Church organizations and where the people are looking to us to meet the need with the gospel. For example, in the Southern half of the State, which includes the Ozark Mountain territory and the great Southeast

Drainage district, are to be found thousands of people practically unchurched and without the gospel.

Now for some time these great needs have presented an unusual opportunity for the Synod of Missouri to do a constructive and abiding work for our Master and our Church. Seizing this opportunity, the Synod organized a new plan of work which was begun in January, 1915. The entire Home Mission and evangelistic work in all Presbyteries was assumed by Synod and placed in the hands of a committee composed of two members from each Presbytery, and the writer, Rev. Trigg A. M. Thomas, was elected superintendent of the work under the direction of this committee. Rev. John E. Abbott was elected Synodical evangelist, and Dr. E. C. Gordon pastor-at-large and treasurer to receive and disburse all money.

The needs and requests for help in each Presbytery are presented to Synod's committee by the Presbyterial chairmen, appropriations made and the services of the field men given according to the need and opportunity. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication at Richmond, Va., and Synod jointly support one worker in the Ozark Mountains and another in St. Louis and Potosi Presbyteries. Synod also aids in a limited way the School of the Ozarks located at Hollister.

The plan of work includes the holding of evangelistic meetings in every church as far as possible during the year.

Not all of the results of our work can be tabulated, but in addition to supplying Home Mission churches with the gospel, some of the results obtained since Synod adopted this plan, up to the time of meeting last year, are 94 evangelistic meetings held with 2,566 conversions, of which 1,272 were added to our church on profession of



Rev. Trigg A. M. Thomas.

faith and 415 by letter; 552 adult and 95 infant baptisms. Seventy-six decided to enter the gospel ministry or definite Christian service. Three hundred and eighty-five members were added to churches of other denominations. Five new churches have been organized with 292 charter members; also eleven Sunday-schools and a number of Young People's Societies. The churches have contributed \$27,041 on apportionments

made by the Presbyteries. Eleven thousand and forty dollars has been secured by the field men for Synod's work, and \$7,300 raised for local and other causes, making a total of \$44,381.

An earnest appeal is made for prayer on the part of all God's people, and especially to our people in Missouri for their hearty support of the work.

Kansas City, Mo.

THE ABSENTEE PASTOR.

BY REV. OMER S. THOMAS, Home Mission Secretary.

IN the last few months the writer has made a survey of forty conferences of the Christian Church in regard to absentee pastors in the churches. The survey was made covering the facts as to active churches and located ministers. It was found that in forty conferences there are 756 churches, of which 672 are active and 84 inactive. One hundred and sixty-two of the active churches are in towns and cities (very few, however, in cities), and 510 are in the country. This makes a little over 75 per cent. of the churches to be classed as country churches.

A little less than 32 per cent. of our churches have located pastors, 213 in all. Four hundred and fifty-nine of them have absentee pastors. Now the most discouraging thing about the absentee pastors is the fact that they live an average distance of twenty-five miles from their churches by actual count in these conferences. There is very little argument for the efficiency of the man who lives twenty-five miles from his church and only sees it on an average of twice a month. It is no wonder that such a small average of the churches are doing the things that they are asked to do by the advanced ideals for church service.

A surprisingly large number of the pastors are only giving their spare time to the ministry, too. Many of them are farmers who are giving their best thought to the running of big farms and snatching some time in the evenings to prepare for

their Sunday sermons, then getting to see their church people for two hours on Sunday every two weeks. I am very much hurt sometimes to hear the slurs cast at the farmers for their backwardness in church advancement. There is a reason, and that reason is that they have not had the leadership to take them into higher standards. I have been an absentee pastor myself and know whereof I speak. We must wake up to the fact that the Christian church is a rural church, and do something for the rural church which will mean greater leadership for it than we have ever had. The twenty-five conferences that were not touched in this survey are most of them rural conferences. We have touched the best. I would guess that 90 per cent. of the rest of them are rural fields which are being served by absentee pastors.

More and more of the best churches are hunting for pastors. There are few men of the kind that these churches are wanting. They are wanting leaders who can take them and work out the big social and missionary problems that these folks realize they are going to face somehow, and yet are not prepared for. Where are the young men to-day who are brave enough to take up the unheroic work of giving their lives to the country churches and proving that there is one of the greatest opportunities that we are facing as a people, one for which we have the nucleus?—The Christian Missionary.

HOME MISSIONS IN ARKANSAS, A WAITING PROPOSITION.

REV. J. WALTER COBB.

IN every State and community there are two classes of people, and work among one is more difficult than among the other. In Arkansas, for Presbyterians of

the old school variety, among native descendants of the original settlers, the work is necessarily slow. Our effort should be to press the work where we find access to

the people, while waiting, and try to be of some help to this other class until we can win our way among them.

There is a distinctive type among whom Presbyterianism must wait for results, the type which has come to be fairly familiar the country over, through the story, the tune and the picture known as "The Arkansas Traveler."

Colonel S. C. Faulkner, a traveler from one of the old States, in the earlier days of the territory of Arkansas when settlements were few and far between, became lost in a dismal swamp, and was obliged to seek shelter for the night, which he found in a squatter's cabin. His narration of the experience furnished the nucleus of fact around which the story developed. He is likewise the reputed composer of the burlesque tune which is associated with the story, and the incident is the subject of the painting by E. P. Washbourne, familiar to all.

The spirit of this type persists in more or less modified form in many rural communities of the State. To it we attribute much of the retarding influences connected with our Presbyterian Home Mission work. It manifests itself in a suspicious conservatism which views with alarm anything new, and which makes difficult the introduction of methods of church activity essential to an educative and aggressive policy of Christian work. Conservatism of this character is the foe of progress in all phases of life.

This fear of the new is supported by another attitude of mind, namely, satisfaction with the old. Such satisfaction so pervades the spirit of our type that he shies at the suggestion of improvement. Said the traveler in the story, "Stranger, why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?" "It's raining," was the laconic reply. "Well, why don't you do it when it isn't raining?" "It don't leak then."

In nothing probably does satisfaction with existing conditions present a more stubborn resistance to the thought of change than in the matter of old and sometimes false conceptions of what constitute vital religion and a prosperous church.

Because of isolation, gathering for church is the only time of meeting, and it is too often merely an occasion when big congregations assemble, long drawn out services are held, "a heap of company for dinner" may be secured, and a Sunday afternoon of social visiting enjoyed.

A third characteristic common every-

where, but especially in Arkansas, which hinders Presbyterianism, is a sensitive self sufficiency which resents outside interference. Particularly does this spirit disclose itself when there is the suggestion of layman help from town or city. The age-long animus of country toward town is very marked in Arkansas.

It was proposed to fix the time of the sessions of a certain Sabbath school at an hour which would make available some efficient teachers from a church in a nearby town. The suggestion was finally rejected as not worth considering. The explanation of one who understood the people's attitude was that they did not care for town help. The proposition was temporarily abandoned and the school for lack of leadership was about to languish and die. Again the suggestion was made, and this time received more favorably; the teachers were brought in, and at last accounts the attendance and interest were steadily growing.

All of which suggests that while patience has a large place in the Presbyterian's program as he waits for results from his missionary work in Arkansas—or elsewhere—he cannot afford to adopt a policy of passive waiting. He must be up and doing. Persistence pays.

"Where there is a will there is a way," is an old saying that finds abundant illustration here. The Christian missionary, be he layman or minister, will find the way if he sets himself resolutely to find it. The key to the situation is to meet the man of the type on his own grounds, to share his life and to excel him in what he is trying to do.

The "waiting proposition" does not hold as to other elements of population, except in so far as they have assimilated the spirit of the native backwoodsman. Taking the people as a whole, Presbyterianism has made and is making relatively commendable progress. Under the Synodical plan adopted nineteen years ago, which has been operative continuously since, assisted generously by Assembly's Home Missions, the number of communicants in the Southern Presbyterian Church has grown from less than 5,000 to almost 11,000, an increase of 120 per cent. During the same period the growth of the whole Church was 62 per cent. and that of all Protestant communions 38 per cent. Comparatively, Arkansas Presbyterians have done wondrously well.

Stamps, Ark.

SELF SUPPORT IN ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERY.

REV. JAMES F. WINNARD, Superintendent of Home Missions.

THE Home Mission work in St. John's Presbytery in the Synod of Florida differed but little from that of other Presbyteries, until the year 1910, when after the Assembly's Committee had made its usual liberal appropriation of \$1,800, or \$3 for every one to be contributed from this Presbytery, our Home Mission Committee decided that it would be best for our Presbytery to assume self-support. And the decision was not only to support our own work as liberally as the needs of the field might require, but also to continue our contributions to the Assembly's work. Though this was a bold step, there was the faith that made its success possible.

The plan was put into operation on the basis of \$1.50 per member as an average offering, and for the past seven years the Presbytery of St. John's has supported its own regular work without a dollar of aid from the Assembly's Committee, and at the same time, while relieving them of the burden of an annual appropriation of \$1,800, has continued to contribute to their broader work each year an increasing amount. For our work in 1909 under the old plan but \$750 was contributed, while in 1910 under the new system the offering was \$2,541, which in the years since has grown to more than \$4,000 per year for our local work, with large increases for Congregational and Assembly's Home Missions. There is nothing of the spirit of selfishness in this plan, but only the earnest desire on the part of the Presbytery to do the greatest possible good in the best possible way. And the Lord has surely blessed our efforts.

An important factor in the success of this self-supporting plan has been the issue for the past five years from the Superintendent's office of the "Home Mission Quar-

terly," devoted wholly to the interests of our local Home Mission work, and placing in the homes of the Church each quarter the very latest information direct from the field. This information naturally leads to inspiration and liberality in the work. The Quarterly is distributed without charge to the members of the Church.

A Home Mission Superintendent giving his whole time to the work has been made possible by this self-supporting plan. St. John's Presbytery covers a large territory and our Superintendent has traveled more than 12,000 miles per year for the past four years in keeping in touch with his field.

A slogan that is beginning to bear fruit is that of "A Sunday-school in a School-house," and already many of our churches are doing their bit for the evangelization of the rural districts. Three new churches were organized last year, as a result of this kind of work, and the fourth petition for an organization has been placed in the hands of the Superintendent.

A forward movement of recent date was the organization of the Presbyterial Church Erection Fund for the purpose of assisting weak churches in securing necessary buildings. The plan in brief is to secure not less than 500 persons who will pledge \$1 each toward each new Home Mission church that is built. Already about 400 of these pledges have been secured and two new churches have been built. During the past year five new churches and one manse have been completed in Home Mission fields. A second manse is now under way.

In going about his work the Home Mission Superintendent has taken nearly 100 views of the fields under his care, and these have been made into stereopticon slides and are shown throughout the



Presbyterian Church, Lake Hamilton, Fla., erected through help from the Presbyterial Church Erection Fund and a loan from the Assembly's Fund.

Manse at Sarasota, Fla., on which a loan was made from Assembly's Loan Funds.

A new settler somewhere in Florida.

churches of the Presbytery. They arouse an interest in Home Missions that mere words fail to do.

During the past ten years our Presbytery has grown from 16 ministers and 29 churches with a membership of 1,619, to 35 ministers, 45 churches, with a membership of 3,998. The total contributions to current expenses and pastor's salary have increased in the same time from \$15,811 to \$61,545, and to benevolences from \$5,155 to \$26,113. But there remaineth much land to be possessed and we need more men and more money that the Kingdom may be advanced.

The experiences of the Superintendent would be the making of a book. He has dined in the homes of the wealthy. and perhaps his next meal would be taken in a home where turnip greens, fat pork and corn bread would compose the only articles

of diet. He has seen the children of the better homes provided with everything a whim could suggest, and he has seen the husky Presbyterian baby of the poorer home playing on the rough pine floor and cutting his teeth on the head of a live baby alligator. He has been mistaken for traveling salesman and for college professor, for Mayor of cities and for the Jew notion peddler. He has been blessed and he has been cursed. He has found open doors and others that have been closed. He has met with success and at other times only failure has seemed to follow his efforts. But withal the work has been prospering. Hearts and homes are open, the brethren are considerate in their co-operation, and the Lord has abundantly blessed the work. And so we take courage.

Tampa, Fla.

A COUNTRY CHURCH JOB.

(From News Bulletin, University of North Carolina.)

WHITE illiteracy in North Carolina is 85 per cent adult and 94 per cent rural.

That is to say, 85 in every 100 of our adult white illiterates are men and women twenty years old and over, and 94 of every 100 live in the country regions. Only 7,400 of our 132,000 native white illiterates of all ages live in towns and cities.

Furthermore, wherever we find excessive farm tenancy, as in our 41 cotton and tobacco counties, there we find excessive white illiteracy. Illiteracy, farm tenancy and poverty go hand in hand. They are fatally related.

COUNTRY CHURCH MENACES.

And what is more, 42 per cent or more than two-fifths of our farm tenants are habitually absent from church; while more than half, or 54 per cent, of our illiterates and near-illiterates do not go to church even occasionally—or so it has been ascertained in field surveys in two Southern country communities.

That is to say, the country church is failing to reach and serve and save the very people that need it most. These people are sensitive and shy. They draw away into retirement. They are crab-like souls that before advancing light steadily retreat into the fringe of darkness, to use a figure of Victor Hugo's. They have little money with which to support the church, and where they can't pay they don't go. They

can't use the hymn books, and they don't like to let people know that they can't read.

THE HOME MISSION TASK.

These are our reasons for saying—and we wish we could shout it loudly enough to disturb religious complacency somewhat—that illiteracy and tenancy are twin-born social evils that threaten both the Church and the State; that they are church problems more than civic and secular concern; that they are fundamental Home Mission problems in the country regions of North Carolina and the South, where nearly two-thirds of all the native white illiterates of the United States are massed; and that the country church must either destroy illiteracy, or illiteracy will destroy the country church in 41 counties of the State.

In one of these counties, for instance, more than four-fifths of all the people, white and black, are not on the rolls of any church of any denomination whatsoever.

In Korea? No—in North Carolina!

AN UNROMANTIC TASK.

Our appeal for the Foreign Mission fields is immense, and so it ought to be; but our interest and activity in the unromantic, commonplace tasks of the home community are feeble where they need to be strong and effective. And the need is urgent.

Don't talk to me, said Emerson, about your incredible tenderness for black folks

a thousand miles away; go love your wood-chopper in the back yard.

If only our wood-chopper were on the other side of the globe, distance would clothe him with enchantment.

The Great Commission sends us into the uttermost parts of the earth, but it also sends us into the nooks and corners, the wilderness and waste places of Judea.

But human nature is a single-track and not a double-track affair; and while the foreign fields loom large, we neglect the marginal man, the lost, forgotten man at home. We side-step the hard tasks at home, largely because we know nothing in accurate, detailed sort about the social problems that seethe and heave with menace under our very noses.

And we are not likely ever to be under any great headway of home mission steam, until we know just what our problems are, and know them thoroughly down to the last syllable of ignorance and poverty, wretchedness, sin and misery in every community. No man or woman of heart and sense can get off the little goose trail of customary daily work without running afoul of all these things within a stone's throw of any front door in our land.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

Here are a few reasons why thirty-two million people in the United States ten years old and over are not on the roll of any church of any name or sect or sort. And why 665,000 people of responsible ages in North Carolina are still outside the church—17,000 in Wake county alone, 16,000 in Edgecombe, Johnston and Buncombe each, 15,000 in Robeson, Forsyth and Rockingham each; and so on and on.

Here is why the Church of the Living God is still serving strangers in a land that is not yet her own. The promise covers the heathen for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession, but not yet has she claimed her birthright—and no wonder!

If only America were informed with the righteousness that exalteth a nation, the kingdoms of the earth would be the Master's own in a single generation. The light that shines brightest at home shines farthest abroad.

(We have given the statistics for North Carolina, because they were available, but similar conditions exist in practically every one of our Southern States.—Editor.)

A COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.

Clear-eyed and prim, with walls of white
Among the leaves of birch,
That tinged but did not stem the light,
Nestled the little church,
All summer open to the air
And all that green a-quirer there.

About were tender, dreamy sounds:
The stamp of horses' feet,
The muzzling bees upon their rounds
Where clover nodded sweet,
A piping quail—the grain low-bent
Showed where her furtive flutterings went.

Next father in the pew's long row
Came urchins sternly shod;
Next mother—for she planned it so—
The child who first would nod,
Laying, when sermon-time oppressed,
His poppy cheek upon her breast.

Bare stretched your aisle and long your
hour
To many a childish wight,
Wee church! yet, rich in holy power,
You blessed as angels might.
Long years have gone—our faith is true;
Long years we've prayed, because of you!

—Youth's Companion.



A Country Church.

WHERE ARE THE LOST?

REV. J. B. FICKLEN.

THE statement has been frequently made in my hearing that there are six hundred thousand white people in Georgia over ten years old who are not professing Christians.

Every time I hear it, I ask myself the question, where are these people? Everywhere that I go in the State, there seem to be churches and Sunday-schools, and the people seem to be living in outward conformity to the principles of Christianity. So where are the six hundred thousand?

In answering this question, I shall deal with the parts of the State that I know most about.

I lived in Atlanta for twelve years. It is considered, and deserves to be so considered, one of the most religious cities in the South. It is a city of over two hundred thousand. In 1913 there were forty-four thousand members to the white churches which has probably increased to 50,000 by the present date. There are 41,000 members to the colored churches of that city at the present time. The church membership, white and black, does not equal 100,000. There are then at least, 51,000 white people over ten years of age who are not professing Christians in that city.

But the percentage of church membership is larger in the city of Atlanta than the average throughout Georgia. In Atlanta it is about 48 per cent. The average for the whole State is 42 per cent. This is contrary to what is usually supposed.

But let's look at some rural sections. There is one county in North Georgia, where I usually spend my vacation each summer, which I am told, on good authority, has a population of 8,000 people, and only about 750 of whom are members of any church, which is less than 10 per cent. It is true there are twelve or fifteen churches in the county, but their membership is exceedingly small, and no aggressive work for the county

is ever attempted. Usually there are not more than three resident pastors in the county, and usually they are young and inexperienced.

For the last eighteen months, I have lived in Newton County, which is located in the finest section in the State of Georgia. In the matter of climatic conditions, commercial importance, and education and general culture, I feel safe in saying that Newton County cannot be surpassed by any county in the State. And yet, I am told that more than 50 per cent of her population are not professing Christians.

One community in the northwestern part of the county, where we conduct a Sunday-school, will not show 10 per cent of its people members of any church. That can be proven by actually visiting in the community from house to house. Two Sundays ago, I preached there to a congregation of 65 or 75. A gentleman who knew the community even better than I did, told me that there were not more than two professing Christians in the congregation.

In another community eleven miles from Covington to the southeast, but still in Newton County, where I held a meeting last summer, the same condition of affairs exists. One afternoon during the meeting I went out visiting, and took the houses just as I came to them. Here is what I found:

First home, seven inmates, one professing Christian.

Second home, thirteen inmates, not a single professing Christian.

Third home, eleven inmates, one professing Christian.

Fourth home, seven inmates, not a single professing Christian.

Sixth home, nine inmates, no professing Christian.

Seventh home, five inmates, no professing Christian.



A Georgia Farm Scene.

Out of a total of fifty-two, there were only two professing Christians.

I am told that that situation exists throughout that community.

If you think that these people are ignorant and illiterate, you are mistaken. They easily come up to the average of intelligence. They send their children to school; they have nice homes and fine farms. I have good reasons for believing

this condition of things can be found elsewhere in Newton County, and also in other counties of Georgia. If so, it is easy to see how there can be 600,000 white people above ten years of age in the State of Georgia who are out of Christ.

This being the case, what is our duty as a Church?

Covington, Ga.

OPPORTUNITIES IN LOUISIANA PRESBYTERY.

REV. J. F. MCKENZIE,

Chairman of Home Missions.

THE Presbytery of Louisiana embraces the middle and southwest section of the State. It includes twenty-one of the sixty-four parishes in the State. In nine of these twenty-one parishes there is no Presbyterian church, or Presbyterian work of any kind. In ten other parishes there is but one Presbyterian church. Only two parishes in the entire Presbytery have more than two Presbyterian churches.

There is perhaps no section in the South where greater development along agricultural lines is being made than in this southwest section of Louisiana. The mild climate, fertile soil, and the fact that almost any product grown in other sections of the South can be grown in this section, is drawing hundreds of farmers to this section. Literally hundreds of Northern farmers have bought land, built comfortable homes and settled in this gulf coast country within the last few years. In Calcasieu parish alone more than 35,000 acres of land have been sold to Northern people, and more than fifty families have settled within a radius of ten miles of Lake Charles within the last twelve months. The same thing is true of all the parishes along this Gulf Coast country. Whole sections of what was once open land are now being converted into fruitful farms and cattle ranches.

Many of these new settlers are Presbyterians and are anxious for Presbyterian services. If we do not provide for them many of them will become affiliated with other churches and thus be lost to the Presbyterian Church.

There are a great many saw mill towns within the bounds of this Presbytery ranging in population from fifteen hundred to two thousand. In nearly every one of these saw mill towns there are Presbyterians who are office men or head men in the different departments of the mills. Many of these men are active in church work and con-

tribute freely to the work of the Church. But not having a church of their own faith they have united with other churches, and are devoting their efforts and means to the support of churches other than their own. They do this not from choice, but because there is no Presbyterian church where they can work. As an illustration of what might be done in many of these saw mill towns, two years ago a church was organized in Oakdale, a saw mill town, with twenty-four members. That church now has a membership of nearly one hundred, a beautiful house of worship fully paid for, and employs a pastor for all his time without aid from the Home Mission Committee.

During the last week of May, 1917, churches were organized at De Ridder and Fullerton, thus opening a new territory ripe unto the harvest. The two churches at once pledged \$900 a year towards the support of a pastor. The church at De Ridder immediately set about securing a lot and expects in the near future to erect a commodious house of worship. De Ridder is an important point, as it forms a center from which a number of other points can be reached. The little band of faithful workers there are heroically trying to build a house of worship suited to their needs and in keeping with the other church buildings of the town. Any one desiring to help a worthy cause cannot do better than to help this faithful band of Presbyterians in De Ridder build a much needed house of worship.

Then there is the foreign speaking population, particularly the Italian and French. No more loyal American citizens can be found anywhere than the Italian and French people of Louisiana. We, as a nation, are raising a great army and spending vast sums of money in helping the French and Italians of Europe maintain the liberties. This is as it should be. May the day speedily come when our allied armies shall

win a great victory, and a world-wide peace be established. Shall we be any the less zealous in giving to these same people, who live next door to us, the light of the gospel and in helping them win a greater victory over sin and superstition?

Our Home Mission Committee of Louisiana Presbytery are doing what we can to reach these people. But we have but one worker among the Italian people. We need at least one more worker among the Italian people of this Presbytery. At the present

time no work of any kind is being done among the French speaking people, not because there is no need for it, but because the committee has neither the means nor the men with which to do the work.

There is no field in the entire Southern Presbyterian Church that offers greater opportunities for aggressive Home Mission work than that of Louisiana Presbytery. The fields are ripe, ready unto the harvest. The time for action is now.

Lake Charles, La.

HOME MISSIONS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

REV. R. M. HALL,

Superintendent of Synod's Home Missions.



New River Canyon.

WE are exceedingly grateful over here in West Virginia that the terms of the Great Commission do not hold us responsible for the conversion to Christ, or even the Presbyterian Church, of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of busy, restless people, feverishly concerned for the myriads of pressing and profitable

activities that engage their thoughts and energies, but that we are responsible *only for their evangelization*. And this responsibility is weighty enough. The vast majority of the people are forgetting God. "He is not in all their thoughts," while in these "grand awful times" all men everywhere should, as never before, be mindful of God and of matters of eternal interest.

There are scores of communities in these mountains, with hundreds of people in them, without church organization or building, or even Sunday-school of any denomination.

Clothier, on Coal River, is a busy, prosperous town in Boone County. On my last visit out there I was told by an official of one of the largest development companies in that section of the State that 2,500 people get their mail at the Clothier postoffice. Yet there is not a church organization, much less church building, in that entire district, to minister to the needs of all these people. A Presbyterian Sunday-school was organized about seven years ago, and to this day, together with the preaching twice a month by Rev. C. W. McDonald, of Madison, a few miles lower down on the same river, is the only organized religious work

in the Clothier district. A resident missionary is greatly needed and abundance of work is calling Mr. McDonald elsewhere.

Even as I am writing this article a communication has reached me announcing that arrangements have been completed and Mrs. Neal, of Kentucky, will come to this field at once to engage in the usual work of a woman missionary. Now, if we only had the money to put in a minister to do the preaching, this field would quickly respond to such an organized effort. The *lack of money* seems to lie near the root of much Home Mission trouble.

Rev. R. Waller Blain, Sunday-school field worker for Kanawha Presbytery, with an enviable Texas record behind him, is making good in West Virginia. Ordained to the ministry only last September, already by virtue of pioneer work done by him out in Wyoming County, he is now Bishop of Guyan Valley. He has organized and has in successful operation Sunday-schools at Mead-Pocahontas and Itman, as well as doing work at Mullens and other points in this immediate section.

The superintendent of Synod's Home Missions spent a week with Mr. Blain in this field during the month of September, preaching at Mead-Pocahontas in the Sunday-school room, an abandoned moving picture show building. Many panes of glass had been broken out of the windows, and the nights were uncomfortably cold, but the people came and kept on coming to the close of the meeting. A petition was circulated among the Presbyterians asking Kanawha Presbytery to organize them into the Guyan Valley Presbyterian church, and about fifteen names were readily secured. Up in Wyoming County the "dot" seems to have been hopelessly lost from the beautiful name of this beautiful West Virginia river, for instead of the Guyandotte, it is simply the

Guyan, and the people with whom I talked would not have it otherwise

We are still on the shining shores of the beautiful Guyandotte, but now in far-away Mingo, and our destination is Gilbert, a small town, picturesquely situated in a beautiful valley, but shut in on all sides by the mountains. Rev. J. A. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, with their little son, James, are holding the fort out here and are holding it most honorably, with lots of hard and self-denying work being done. Mrs. Thompson, before her marriage, was a trained nurse, and now that Gilbert's only doctor has gone to the great war, is missionary, trained nurse, physician, and whenever *not busy*, is engaged with anything else that needs attention.

"A word to the wise" readers of the SURVEY will be abundantly sufficient. If you contemplate a visit to Gilbert, leave behind not only all surplus baggage, but *all baggage!* I got off the train last July at Man, a station on the C. & O., with a bag weighing about twenty-five pounds, an overcoat and umbrella, plus a suspicion lying heavy on my heart that trouble was ahead. My forecast of trouble was soon confirmed. Mr. Thompson, the troubleman, was there to meet me. I said, "How did you come?" The answer was as feared, "Walked." "What arrangements have you made to get back?" Again the answer came, terse and terrible, "None." So we cut a pole, swung the baggage in the middle, and lay to, like MacDuff, on our fourteen mile walk! From two P. M. until after eight, we walked, sometimes over paths lost among great rocks, the products of railroad blasting, that only a goat or a man could success-



The "Movie" Sunday-school Building and eight regular attendants.

fully negotiate! But at last we got there with a bag weighing now at least fifty pounds, and a hot supper and as warm a welcome were awaiting us. Our troubles were over—for a week—for we must needs get out just as we got in. When you make the trip, you *may* ride into Gilbert on the train, for the C. & O. railway is plowing its way up the river with giant powder and dynamite, hurrying up the Guyan Valley, fabulously rich in coal.

God bless our home missionaries, especially those of the mountains, for their lives and sacrificial labors are a rebuke to almost all the rest of us.

And now, I have left no place for Foup Creek and our work among the foreigners, nor for the evangelistic campaign already projected; but time is up and my allotted space more than gone, so I can only say in conclusion, "Brethren, pray for us" over here in West Virginia, for "a great door, and effectual, has been opened unto us, and there are many adversaries."

Lewisburg, W. Va.

MISSION OPPORTUNITIES AROUND A VILLAGE CHURCH.

REV. J. J. MURRAY.

ST. PAUL'S Presbyterian Church, in Robeson County, North Carolina, is one hundred and eighteen years old, located in a section settled at first entirely by Highland Scotch Presbyterians. The church has been prosperous throughout its life. Its field is in a thickly settled, progressive farming country. Surely if there is any place where the pioneer work has been done and the need for new mission work small, it is in such a place.

But we are rapidly coming to realize that there are no places where there is not both need and opportunity for mission work. The churches are very few that cannot find neglected people and unoccupied places within their bounds. The experience of this

church may be of interest. A survey during the last two years has revealed a great many places of opportunity, into some of which we have entered. These needs and these openings can be duplicated in the territory of almost any village or country church. This article will illustrate some of the different types of work that lie to hand

1. THE COTTON MILL VILLAGE.

On the edge of the town there is a prosperous mill and a growing village. The mill owners have co-operated heartily with the church in its efforts to meet the needs of the people. They have built a chapel, open to all the denominations, in which



Cotton Mill Community House.

A Sawmill Sunday-school.



A Shelter that became a Church.

the pastor preaches two nights in each month. He also conducts a mid-week service. There is a Sunday-school run jointly by the three town churches. The owners have also built a Community House, where a school is taught and which is used as a social center under the direction of the church workers. In such a community there is need for more than purely spiritual work.

2. THE CAMPBELL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

In one corner of the congregation, thickly settled with Presbyterian families, there are a number of tenant families with little church affiliation and a saw mill with its settlement. Here the saw mill owner has erected a small building for us, and a Sunday-school has been organized. This is an afternoon preaching point of the pastor. Three children of this Sunday-school recited the catechism within two months of its organization.

3. SHILOH NEGRO CHURCH.

This is one of the many negro churches of the congregation that always stand open for a sermon from the white preacher. The services at these churches are infrequent and of the crudest type and their Sunday-schools of little value. Help, encouragement and preaching on the part of white friends is much needed and always appreciated. Advantage can frequently be taken of these opportunities.

4. A SAW MILL CAMP.

Lumber is the chief manufacturing industry of this section. There are many mills and log camps like this, where men and sometimes their families are gathered with little religious opportunities. Sometimes there is a building that can be used for services. Sometimes, as here, the cross-ties and ditch banks must serve for pews.

5. OAKDALE SCHOOLHOUSE.

Within a few miles of a Presbyterian church there can sometimes be found an out of the way community where Presbyterianism is almost an unknown thing and the Holiness the only type of religion with which the people are very familiar. Yet in such a place the minister can sometimes, on a week night, get more people to preach



The Church at the center.

to than he can in his own church on Sunday night. If there is not a school building, there is always a dwelling where the people will gather.

6. A SHELTER THAT BECAME A CHURCH.

This is not an out-station on the African field, but a shelter where a little band of negroes began to gather for Sunday-school and preaching, led by a consecrated elder of their own race, and where, under the encouragement of the white people, a negro Presbyterian church was organized. They plan to have a building soon. The church already has a mission Sunday-school as large as their own school. They are supplied by a colored preacher sent out by the Northern Church.

The last picture is a Holiness tent, which was used through this community. The people are going to have some form of re-



The Holiness Tent.

ligion. Unless we can give it to them in a pure form this is what they will get. The opportunities are many. The fields are white to the harvest. If we have the vision and the consecration we can take our land for the Master whom we love.

St. Pauls, N. C.

FARM WORK AS AN ENEMY OF SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

IN rural sections farm work is the most active and inveterate enemy of school attendance, according to the *Child Labor Bulletin*.

It was found, in a study made last year in Oklahoma, that farm work was responsible for more absences from school than all other causes combined—73,121 days of absence being attributed to it and only 44,148 days to illness, the next largest group. "This shows how serious a factor labor is in the breaking down of rural school attendance," says the report, "especially as the total of days absent is much more than a third of the total days present." The result of absence due to farm work is shown most clearly in the figures for retardation given in the report. Fifty-one per cent of the farm workers are behind in their grades, while less than 25 per cent of those absent because of illness, distance and bad weather were retarded, and only 12.6 per cent of these who attended regularly. "Farm workers lose more school time than all the other groups combined," says the report.

"Children cannot do good school work unless they attend regularly; and the oftener they are absent, the lower their standing will be." To meet the situation the report recommends that the compulsory education law be strengthened by making it apply to the entire term instead of to only two-thirds of it, as is the case at present, and that a larger unit of organization

than the local district be adopted, since it is impossible to have the law enforced where local officials have to prosecute their own neighbors if they make any attempt to enforce it.

The tendency of war to aggravate the conditions found in normal times is brought out in another article on "The Child's Part in Food Production," based on an inquiry into the extent to which children have been excused from school to engage in agriculture as a patriotic service. "There can be no question of the patriotic motives that led the State superintendents of education to advise local officials to excuse children from school for farm work," says the report, "but there is very grave question whether the action taken by those officials was not short-sighted patriotism which will do the country more harm than good."

The report points out that if the school officials are permitted to join with the farmer in putting crops before school attendance without any attempt to safeguard the children, conditions found to exist in normal times will be greatly aggravated, and at the end of the war the younger generation, on whom will fall the burden of carrying on the work of the country, will be handicapped by lack of sufficient education and premature labor. In England it was found that wherever adequate wages were offered there were enough adults available to make it unnecessary to use young children on the farms.—*The Missionary Voice*.

A CREED FOR THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

PROF. G. WALTER FISKE.

WE will renew our faith in the Church in the country.

We will believe in its necessity. We will believe in its success.

We will consecrate our whole life to its service.

We will overcome, with God's help, the mountains of difficulty: poor equipment, wasteful competition, narrow vision of service, inadequate leadership, and limited means.

We will quit, if not needed, and unite Christian forces to save the community.

We will serve our community in every way we can, by every means we can. A useful church does not die.

We will foster the country home. We will give the country boys and girls a better chance, a life chance, through better schools, more wholesome recreation, and a richer social life, with a training for real success upon the farm and in the rural home.

We will energize country life with a new determination to make itself happier and more worth while. Please God, we will make country life as efficient as city life. We can make it even more rewarding and satisfying.

All this shall be our endeavor, and we will not forget to bring meanwhile the strength and consolation of the good news of God and the redemptive power of the gospel of Christ for the human soul.

We will spiritualize the rural life movement, if God wills, that our country may be saved from the threatened curse of a sordid materialism. We will inspire our people to feel that life is more than possessions, that we may save them from their own prosperity.

All this that the kingdom of heaven, the democracy of God, may come in the open country and the village throughout our broad land.—Adapted from "*The American Missionary*."

CAN YOU TELL?

1. To what class of people does the appeal for food conservation seem a grim joke?
2. In what middle western State is there a destitute mountain population?
3. What is one impelling cause of the inactivity of many country churches?
4. What three characteristics of some of the people tend to retard Home Mission Work in Arkansas.
5. What three conditions go hand in hand in the country?
6. What startling conditions did one Presbyterian minister find in a Georgia county?
7. In what Presbytery did a church in a saw mill town reach self-support in less than two years?
8. Where do hardship and Home Missions seem to go together?
9. How many varieties of congregational Home Missions is one country church carrying on?

HOME MISSION TOPICS FOR 1918.

JANUARY—The Assembly's Home Missions.

FEBRUARY—Synodical and Presbyterian and Congregational Home Missions.

MARCH—Sabbath School Extension; Mexicans in the U. S.

APRIL—Christian Education and Ministerial Relief; Mountaineers.

MAY—Foreign-Speaking People in the United States.

JUNE—Mission Schools.

JULY—The Indians.

AUGUST—Conditions in America—Industrial, Social, Religious.

SEPTEMBER—City Missions.

OCTOBER—Sabbath School Extension; The Great West.

NOVEMBER—Colored Evangelization.

DECEMBER—Christian Education and Ministerial Relief; Woman's Work.

SENIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry.

THE TIDE IS SURE TO WIN.

On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
Through all the thunderous din—
The wave may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win.

O mighty sea! thy message
In clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last,
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin—
The wave may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win!
—"The Outlook"

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.
The God of glory thundereth:
The Lord is upon many waters.

—Psalm 29:4.

1. Hymn—Beyond the Bar.
2. Recite in concert the motto verse.
3. Prayer—For the Home Mission work in our own Presbytery and Synod, that the peculiar difficulties and problems may be met and overcome.
4. Recitation—The Tide is Sure to Win.

The Tide of Christianity against the
Rocks of Indifference and Human Need
in Our Country.

Synodical, Presbyterial and Congrega-
tional Home Missions.

5. Conditions in some of our Home Mission Synods.
6. Needy Presbyteries and What They Are Doing.
7. What our own Presbytery is doing.
8. Rural Conditions in the South.
9. What one Church is Doing to Better These Conditions.
10. A Country Church Creed.
11. Recitation—The Country Church.
12. Our "Next Door" Opportunity.
13. Prayer—That we may swell the tide which is beating against the rocks of sin and ignorance, until they shall be engulfed by a flood of righteousness throughout our land.
14. Hymn—O, Zion, Haste!

Notes.—Hymns from Assembly's Songs.

5, 8, 9. Articles in this issue.

7. Write to Chairman of Presbyterial Home Missions. Your pastor can give you his name.
12. What our Church can do to help meet the need right at our door.
Send 5c. to Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., for booklet on Country Church.

"True to my promise I am sending you a club of SURVEY subscribers," writes Mrs. J. P. Richardson, of De Funiak, Fla. "I am delighted with my success. I use the SURVEY in my Junior Mission Band. I have had unusual success; more than doubled the SURVEY list here."

You will please notice that the name of De Funiak Springs church, Florida, is on the Honor Roll this month!

Put your church there during SURVEY week, March 10-16.





THE DOING WITHOUT BOX.

MRS. E. C. CRONK.

I 'D do anything in the world to get some missionary money," said Esther. "It's just terrible to go to the Junior meetings and not have any money to give. Today at the meeting when they were talking about each one of us adopting a kindergarten child, I sat back and kept still just because I didn't know a thing to do to get some money. Honestly I'd be willing to work the streets, or take in washing, or—even wash dishes if I could just get some way to make some missionary money."

"I will tell you something I know you can do to make missionary money," said Aunt Annie, who was visiting Esther's mother. Aunt Annie seemed just like one of the children herself, although she was grown up and married to a home missionary. She had the finest ideas that ever any one had for parties and picnics and frolics as well as for missionary work, so whenever Aunt Annie proposed anything everyone was eager to try it.

Esther went over beside her as she took up an empty candy box from the table. With her pencil she drew the letters D W B on the lid of the box. Then she cut a neat little hole just underneath.

Esther was very much interested. "I suppose, of course, the hole is for money to go in but what are the letters for?" she asked.

"Yes, the hole is the door to the house. Now just raise the latch string and peep softly inside and I'll tell you what the letters stand for. This is a Doing Without Box. I have found that one of the very best ways to do something for missions is to do without something. Just try it until your next meeting and drop your money in here and maybe you will not have to work the streets."

"But really, Aunt Annie, I never have any money at all of my own," began Esther.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Aunt Annie, "none of us ever think we have any money

but you just keep this box in sight and see about it."

That very afternoon Esther's father came in and said, "Everybody who didn't miss anything at school to-day may go to the 'movies.' Come forward and stake your claims for dimes, Aunt Annie included, because of all the picture shows she missed by growing up and quitting school before they were invented."

"It will be no end of fun, Aunt Annie. The pictures are going to be lovely to-day."

As they were ready to start Esther thought she saw Aunt Annie's eyes resting on the D W B.

"Oh, Aunt Annie, you don't mean to take money that was given you for something special, do you?"

"I was not saying anything about it, but since you mention it, it might be a good thing to start in by doing without the pictures this afternoon and walking out into the country instead."

"But the pictures are special to-day," said Esther. "Let's do without them the next time father gives us money."

They started off gaily enough, but when they reached the entrance, Esther pulled Aunt Annie on by.

"I have just been thinking all the way down here that I can do without those pictures better than the heathen children can do without Jesus, and better than you and Uncle Will and all your folks can do without your Home Mission church, so if you don't care we'll go to walk, after all."

The country never seemed more beautiful than it did that afternoon with all of its wonderfully colored autumn leaves. The horses and cows and people made sure enough moving pictures which Aunt Annie staged with lovely stories.

She and Esther reached home with laughter in their eyes, roses in their cheeks and twenty cents in their hands for the D. W B.

Esther had no idea there were so many things she could do without. If you had raised the latch string and peeped softly inside in two weeks you would have seen pennies and nickels and dimes which had followed each other into that one-time candy box. Each one had a little story to tell the others about something Esther had done without, and as each newcomer dropped down and told his story all the others clapped their hands and laughed so happily that Esther said, "Just listen how they jingle!"

"May I do without the lace on my skirt and just have a plain hem?" asked Esther one day as she started down town shopping for mother. Ten dimes dropped into the little box as mother let her take her choice and all of the D W B family greeted them with joyful clatter. However, there was nobody, not even Aunt Annie herself, who thought Esther would be brave enough for her last "do without," just before the meeting of the Juniors. She had five dollars given her for the muff she had been wanting so long. She looked at the two she liked best and carefully selected, with mother's help, the one she liked the very

best of all. Then she looked up at the clerk in her most grown up way and said, just as she had heard mother say, "I think I will not take it to-day, thank you."

"I don't think you will find one you like better than this anywhere, dear," said mother.

"Well, I don't know for sure, but I think maybe I will do without a muff this year," said Esther.

That night when she put all of her five dollars in the box Esther said, "Doing without makes you get all choky in your throat while you are trying to do it, but as soon as it's done you feel the happiest you ever felt in your life."

At the next meeting of the Junior Society, the leader said, "Why, Esther, what have you been doing to make so much missionary money?"

"I've just been doing without," said Esther.

Then the leader made her tell them all about the D W B and everybody who was there promised to try raising missionary money by doing without.—*From a leaflet published by the Women's Missionary Conference of the Lutheran Church.*



Beside Still Waters.

I'D LIKE TO GO.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't
sound,

And I'd have stillness all around—
Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint bubbling over the stones
In strange, softly tangled tones.
Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,

Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.
Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

—*Eugene Field.*

JUNIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry.



Our Little Country Neighbor.

"OUR NEIGHBORS."

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand,
Faith, hope and courage together are gone—
Reach him a helping hand.
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light,
Kindle to guide him a beacon fire bright,
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his af-
fright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold—
Send him some aid today.
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and
strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

—Philadelphia Deaconess.

Our Country Neighbors.

1. Hymn—Make Me a Channel of Blessing.
2. Prayer—That every little boy and girl
in our country may have opportunity
to learn of Jesus.
3. Who is Our Neighbor? Luke 10:25-37.
4. Recitation, "Our Neighbors."
5. Some places where neighborly help is
needed.
6. How we may be neighbors.
7. Recitation—I'd Like to Go.
8. Our nearest neighbor.
9. Prayer—That each may find our nearest
neighbor and bring him to Christ.
10. Hymn—Scatter Sunshine.

Notes.—

5. Articles in Senior Department.
6. The Doing Without Box.
8. Opportunity for Congregational Home
Mission Work. Find something to be done
and do it.

CHILDREN ON HAINAN ISLAND.

BY ALICE H. SKINNER.

WHO can tell where the Island of Hainan is? See if you can find it on your map. It is a beautiful island of coconut palms, large banyan trees, and bamboo. It is called by some the Island of Palms, but by the officers on the steamers it is called the "Island of Pigs," because every steamer leaving Hainan carries a large cargo of pigs. How would you like to sleep in the same house with the pigs.

chickens and often a cow? This is what many of the people of Hainan do, and sometimes the missionaries. If the animals are kept outside they are sometimes stolen, so the poor protect their property by living with it.

The boys and girls of Hainan are just as bright, fun-loving and mischievous as you are, and wherever we go in city, market town or village they swarm around in

great numbers. When we meet the Hainanese on the road, instead of saying "Good morning," they say, "Have you eater your rice?" But when Hainanese Christians meet, the greeting is "Peace." Instead of saying "Good-bye" they say "Walk slowly." They shake their own hands instead of yours. They always pass things with both hands. It would be impolite to pass a thing with one hand. A gentleman in his home would put his hat on to receive you. Their surname comes first, as "Smith John" or "Smith Mr."

In the Chinese schools the pupils all study out loud, and when they recite their lessons they turn their backs to the teacher. They memorize whole books, but seldom know the meaning.

It is considered polite in Hainan to ask your age, what your salary is, and how much you paid for your clothes. The Chinese walk in single file. The mourning costume is white. If the Chinese send pres-

ents, which usually consist of fruit, cakes or tea, to be polite you must take only a part and return the rest.

In the better class homes the men and boys eat their meals first, the women and girls last. If one wishes to leave the table before the others he says, "Eat slowly," instead of "Excuse me."

When a boy is born a piece of wild pineapple leaf is tied on the outside of the front door, with a piece of red paper. A boy is often given a girl's name or one ear is pierced and an earring worn, to deceive the evil spirits. Instead of kissing a baby, they smell the baby's neck.

The Hainanese live in constant fear of evil spirits, but when they hear the gospel and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, all fear and superstition is taken away. That is what the gospel does for these poor, ignorant people. The knowledge of the Truth frees them from all fear and superstition.—Over Sea and Land.

THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION OF DZUNG-WAUNG.

BY ANNIE ELOISE BRADSHAW.

GROWN-UPS really love to play with dolls. I found that out when I went into a Chinese temple and saw an idol as large as a man being dressed in beautiful clothes for his birthday. He had jointed arms, hands, and legs, a painted face, and real hair that could be combed. He also had boxes full of handsome silk clothes.

These are not like the gods who are prayed to every day, for they are usually made of plaster and are unjointed and their clothes painted on them. Priests live in their temples and pray to them every day because they are afraid the gods will harm them if they do not.

Now, with the Dzung-Waung (city father) it is different, for he represents a man who helped the city a long time ago. The temple is supposed to be his home and has all of the rooms that an ordinary house has, including a kitchen and a bed-room. The bed has curtains and real silk quilts. There are several images to represent servants, and one of them holds a plaster horse by the bridle. In the bed-room is the wife, dressed as handsomely as the Dzung-Waung. Every day fresh flowers are put in her hair. By her side is a little son. There are no priests in this temple to pray to the Dzung-Waung, for he is supposed to be one of the people and to help them pray to the gods. Once when the country was very dry priests went to the temple to pray for rain; but they did not

pray to him, but instead they took him down from his high seat and placed him among the people in the act of praying.

One day I went into the temple and, seeing the caretaker, asked when the Dzung-Waung's clothes would be changed. "Tomorrow, because the next day will be Dzung-Waung's birthday," was the reply. I asked if I might see it, and he said: "Certainly. Come early."

The next day six women were there. They took from the Dzung-Waung's trunk a robe of yellow satin embroidered all over in lavender, with bands of gold embroidery and touches of bright red. They stood on tables around the Dzung-Waung and dressed him in this robe and put on him a headdress that looked like a small Christmas tree. They added a long string of green and yellow beads such as rulers used to wear when China was an empire. When he was ready the women dressed the wife in a robe exactly like the Dzung-Waung's, and they added still more fancy hangings on the outside. Then they took a box of little coats and trousers and selected a pale blue suit for the baby. Of course he wore a long robe on the outside to show that he was a little gentleman.

The next day was Dzung-Waung's birthday. Crowds of people were coming and going through the gates, and the temple court looked like a bazaar; for merchants and peddlers were taking advantage of the crowd to sell food and playthings. When

we reached the inner court we saw that the Dzung-Waung and his wife had been taken down from their high seats and carried in open sedan chairs to the room in which their ancestral tablets are kept. These tablets are long pieces of black wood, with characters written on them in gold. The idols were made to worship these tablets by the simple process of tilting their chairs over until the dignitaries bowed low. In the same way they were made to bow to each other. Then cups of wine were brought in and presented. The bearer knelt, touching his head to the ground, while an attendant took the cup and held it to the lips of the image. Of course it was given to the Dzung-Waung first, but the wife received her share after he had finished. After this ceremony a large ta-

ble was placed in front of each, and covered with bowls of food and tea. This was their birthday feast. Bystanders helped themselves to the food and even offered some of it to the missionaries, who, needless to say, did not take the "food offered to idols." Then came the final worship, when the people knelt and bowed and shook their hands in front of the images.

It is because the people do not know about God, our loving Father in heaven, that they waste their money, praise, and love on wooden idols. It shows how hungry their hearts are to find a God whom they can really love. We know that God is trying all the time to tell them about Himself. He wants the boys and girls of America to help Him.—Young Christian Worker.

JUNIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

Topic: More About China.

Recitation—A Message.

O dreary land of China,
Without Salvation's light,
We bring to you a message
To make your dark world bright.

There came to earth from heaven,
A babe like you and me;
He came to give you blessings,
From sin to set you free.

He died that he might save you
From all that makes hearts sore.
And take you home to heaven,
To dwell forevermore.

"Suffer the little children,
Forbid them not to come,"
This is the Saviour's message,
He has prepared the home.

Now cease to bow to idols,
That're made of wood and stone,
And worship Christ the Saviour,
Make him your very own.

—M. McN.

Song—Bring the Little Ones to Jesus.
Scripture Reading—Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest.
He is my rock and my salvation.
In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.
Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.
All thy works shall praise thee.
Prayer for the children of China.
Minutes.
Roll Call—Answer with the name of a station in North Kiangsu.
Collection Song.
Offering.
Business.
Song—Selected.
Telegraphic Messages from China.
Story—The Birthday Celebration of Dzung-Waung.
Facts About Hainan—Children on Hainan Island.
Close with the Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTIONS.

Have the Scripture verses written on the blackboard and read in concert; or have them written on slips and distributed before the meeting for the children to repeat in concert.

For the Telegraphic Messages, let the leader or some of the older members of the band, look through the current issue of The Survey and select pointed paragraphs, write them as telegrams, and give to the various members of the band to read. It might add to the interest to have a member dressed as a messenger boy, and bring the messages in and distribute them.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

REV. S. H. CHESTER, D. D., EDITOR, BOX 158, NASHVILLE, TENN.

MONTHLY TOPIC—NORTH KIANGSU, CHINA.

THIS single mission includes within its bounds, in respect of population, at least half of our entire missionary responsibility. There is no reliable and accurate estimate of the population, but it ranges between twelve and fifteen millions. In this respect, it is our greatest mission field.

In other respects it is a field of unique importance and interest. The homogeneity of the population is remarkable, and their characteristics render them peculiarly adaptable to our Presbyterian ideas and methods of work.

First of all, they are strongly Calvinistic in temperament. They believe in the sovereignty of the gods they worship; they have much to say about "the will of heaven" and the "decrees of heaven." The trouble, of course, is that "heaven" represents to them either a far away, indifferent power, with whom the common people can have no direct dealings, and whose character is entirely devoid of the element of love, or a host of malignant spirits. Their Calvinism, therefore, takes the form of a pessimistic fatalism. When they come to believe in our God of Love, as revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, their natural transformation will be into Pauline optimists and predestinarians.

They are also believers in representative government. The elders of the village and the head of the clan are the authorities whom they have always been accustomed to recognize. They will, therefore, take to Presbyterianism of their own accord, without any persuasion, as soon as they know what it is. The opportunity we have in that field is to establish the greatest Presbyterian Church in the world, unhindered by complications of any kind. Our mission has a practical monopoly of the entire field. The only thing they are now hindered by is the lack of a sufficient force and equip-

ment to do their work as it should be done.

The interesting letters from members of the mission published in this number will give our society workers ample material for their programs for the month.

OUR SCHOOL WORK AT LAVRAS.

Dr. W. E. Browning, formerly the educational director of the work of the Presbyterian mission in Chili, is now educational secretary for Latin America, working under the auspices of the Latin American Co-operation Committee.

Dr. Browning has been making a tour of visitation of the schools and colleges in Brazil, and has recently visited our work at Lavras. Writing from Montevideo on October 24th, he has this to say about that work:

"I want to say, in as few words as possible, that of all the many schools visited in the seven most important countries of South America, no one has impressed me more favorably than the 'Instituto Evangelico,' of Lavras, Brazil. I spent almost two days in Lavras, was shown all over the grounds, the farms, and the buildings, ate with the students in one of their dining halls, met all the professors collectively and a number of them individually, spoke to the students and faculty at the regular chapel service, and otherwise entered fully into the life of the institution for the time of my brief visit.

"And I came away very much impressed with the work that is now being done and with the possibilities of an almost unlimited expansion of that work in the future. I believe that this instituto, as no other, stands squarely for a frank presentation of the gospel to the students. There is no attempt to water down the

message or to make excuses. It is an out and out Christian school that is exercising a wonderful influence all over that part of Brazil and even attracting students from some of the distant States. Dr. Gammon's wise administration of all these years is now showing results, and he is admirably seconded by Knight and Hunnicutt, either of whom, I judge, could step into his place and carry on the work should he be taken away. The spirit of friendly trust and comradeship between these teachers and the students impressed me very much.

"The farm seems to be carefully tilled and is, no doubt, a source of considerable income to the school, while, at the same time, it serves for the development of Christian character through the training and disciplining of the physical powers. I take it that this last is, in reality, the chief importance of the industrial department."

Dr. Browning then proceeds to give a list of needs, the supply of which would place this school in first-class condition to do its work. The estimated cost of supplying these needs is about \$63,000. That seems quite a large amount to be given to one school when we have so many that are short both of equipment and of teaching force. If, however, the information we have received, and which seems to be reliable, is correct, there are individual Presbyterian cotton planters in the Mississippi Delta who could supply that amount out of their profits for the past year, and still have enough left for the comfortable support of their families. There is money enough in the hands of our people to supply this and all other needs of our foreign missionary work, and we rejoice to believe that never before was there a greater spirit of willingness to give to that work in the hearts of our people. What we need first of all is "war emergency," giving enough to make up our loss on exchange in China, and on the increased cost

of living in our mission fields. When that loss has been made up, we will then be glad to see individuals who have been prospered in their business under war conditions turn their attention to some of these great opportunities like the one presented in our work at Lavras.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO.

Miss Alice J. McClelland writes from Mexico City on December 7th that General Pablo Gonzales, representing the Carranza government, had just reported on conditions in Morelos and Guerrero, the two states assigned to us in the recent redistribution of work in Mexico. He stated that he had recently sent a flying column through all the state of Morelos and found no armed bands of Zapatistas, and that the bandits in that district are destitute of ammunition. For some reason, however, the Carranza government has no garrisons there, and the lack of any organized police arrangements make it still unsafe for travelers to pass through the country. Conditions are somewhat better in Guerrero, especially in the larger towns, but still it would not be considered safe to undertake country itineration in that section.

The transfer of our work, therefore, will have to be postponed a little longer. It is evident, however, that Carranza is slowly, but gradually strengthening his hold, and we do not believe it will be very much longer before he will be able to establish at least as great a degree of order in all Southern Mexico as that which prevailed under the rule of Diaz. A beginning of our co-operative work with the other Presbyterian mission has been made in the assignment of Miss McClelland to assist in the school work at San Angel, and it is probable that Mr. Morrow will be sent in the not distant future to open an industrial department in the college at Mexico City.

PERSONAL.

NASHVILLE has recently enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Venable, of our Korean mission, and we are glad to report that Mrs. Venable seems to be entirely recovered from the long and serious illness which made it necessary for them to return to this country a few months ago. It is not thought wise, however, that she should incur the risk involved in her return to Korea, and they will therefore retire from the mission work and make their home in this country. Mr. Venable will be sorely missed as one of the few trained

educational men we have had in Korea, and his place will be difficult to fill. They are sojourning at present at Biltmore, N. C., where they can be addressed in care of Mrs. L. F. Mathews.

* * *

WE congratulate Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross on the arrival of a little girl at their home on November 16th. Mr. Ross has been at Linares for several months, and has heard nothing of Villistas or Zapatistas or any other kind of bandits. He is adhering to government regulations.

which prohibit foreigners from preaching from pulpits, but has no end of opportunity of speaking to the people informally, singly or in crowds, wherever he meets them, and says that he does not observe that his speaking has any less effect because of its informality. The churches are crowded and the native pastors are carrying on the work with great zeal and success. They are continuing the operation of all the day schools, which the new constitution made it unlaw-

ful for foreigners to conduct. It is always to be remembered that the anti-religious legislation of the present Mexican government is primarily designed to eliminate the undue influence which the Roman Catholic Church has heretofore exerted in Mexican political affairs. Incidentally, it involves some inconvenience to Protestant missions. We do not doubt that before very long a satisfactory adjustment will be reached about all these matters.

THE DEVIL TO PAY AT NANKING.

DR. A. C. HUTCHESON.

I THOUGHT you might be interested in two little notes from our city that are rather unusual and might be of interest in the pages of the SURVEY.

The whole city of Nanking and the surrounding country has been stirred tremendously during these last few days over the reported arrival in their midst of a "Devil or Spirit Doctor," and thousands literally have gone out to the place of his abode to benefit by his skill or magic.

He is said to be in among the graves on a certain hill, where these are quite numerous, and any person, suffering from no matter what disease or infirmity, can obtain complete relief from this disability by sleeping for one night out on top of one of these graves. The rumor has been investigated by reliable men, and they have reported that at least six thousand people were seen spending the night on these graves.

How this strange superstition started, no one seems to know, but the originator of it was smart enough to stipulate that the suppliant for treatment must sleep the whole night through in order to obtain the relief desired, thereby leaving a margin for the safety of the reputation of the "Devil Doctor" in the cases where no relief is obtained. The patient in these cases can be shown not to have slept the whole night through.

One of the hospitals run by a Christian

Chinese physician, a graduate in Western medicine, reports that actually patients have been taken out of that hospital to be taken out to this wonderful place of the "Devil Doctor." I myself operated on a man this week who had first tried his fortune with this same doctor without the relief which he had expected.

This reminds us of the superstitions of Europe in the Middle Ages, and to think that in this age a large part of the population of the earth can be still worked upon by such gross and stupid superstitious practices as this! Yes, China has made some progress, but she had so far to go that her goal is still far ahead of her.

A more encouraging report can be made from our University of Nanking. Here we have the whole student body with the faculty of the agricultural department of the University of Nanking going off to the North of China to the flood stricken area around and in Tientsin to take active part in the relief measures that are being instituted for the destitute people of that region.

The cold winter is coming on, and the suffering will be very severe for those who have been left destitute by the terrible floods that have swept everything, including the railway communication, in the North of China. We are glad that our Christian University of Nanking will have an opportunity to witness so practically and forcefully for the gospel of love and service to those in distress.

LETTER FROM SUCHIEN.

MISS MADA McCUTCHAN.

MY last letter to some of you was written during those very uneasy days last July, when the Chinese about us were in daily fear of being routed from their homes, and themselves and their property

carried off by robbers. But our heavenly Father, who has promised to hear even before His children cry to Him, did truly hear the cry of His helpless little ones, and spared our city from the fate of many of



A Chinese Boat on the Grand Canal.

her neighbors. Among these robber-soldiers the order was twice given to loot Suchien, and the cannon were fired as a signal, but the soldiers inside the city remained true, and prevented the others from carrying out their plans. While there is still much robbery going on in the country, we are very peaceful here in town, and the Chinese Christians, both in city and country, have been mercifully spared from the violence of evil men.

We perhaps wrote of the distressing drought in this section last spring, and of how fearful the people were lest there should be another famine. For weeks we prayed for rain, and no rain came, but our Creator knows His own times and seasons better than we can possibly know them, and in His own good time He sent most bountifully the rain for which we had prayed. It proved to be just the right time, too, and brought most abundant fall crops. In this immediate section the Chinese say the crops this year are "twelve parts good," ten parts, or ten-tenths being perfect. They are just a little better than perfect this year. But prices are still very high, because so much grain is being shipped from this country to neighboring sections where the crops have been destroyed by floods.

At our last communion service we had another very striking instance of answered prayer in the baptism of one of our school

girls, for whom we have long been praying. She has been a believer for several years, and wanted to be baptized, but her family were most bitterly opposed, refused to allow her to come before the session for examination. Now, they have not only withdrawn their opposition and allowed her to be baptized, but they have taken down all the idols from their home, and the old father himself came before the session to be examined for baptism. He was put off for further study before being received.

Such answers to prayer as these I have just mentioned almost startle us, because we can but stop and ask ourselves what might the Lord not do with us, his human instruments, if only we had that fullness of faith which really claims in prayer the fulfillment of his promises?

I have just begun teaching a very interesting girl, who has recently become engaged to a young man whose father's home is across the street from us, the young man himself being a preacher in Nanking. This boy has always been seriously opposed in his Christian life by his home people, they being heathen of the deepest dye. Last spring his wife died and the old father, as master of the home, carried his point against his son's desires and had a heathen funeral. Then, while the young man was away at Nanking, the father and mother proceeded to engage him again to a heathen girl. He claims to have known nothing of this new engagement until the papers were all written up. The boy was furious when he found what his father had done, and declared he would not have a heathen wife. His father coolly informed him there was no way to get out of it now that the papers were written, for a Chinese engagement is considered just as binding as the marriage itself. But the young man insisted that he was not willing to marry her unless she should begin at once to study the catechism and gospel books. He said to his father, "You can set the wedding day and bring her to my home if you want to, but unless she first studies the gospel, I'll not be on hand for the marriage ceremony." The parents saw he was in earnest, so the old mother came herself to ask that I go once a week to teach the girl at the home of a relative, as it was not convenient for her people to receive me at her own home. The old mother added, "If custom would allow it I should be glad to have the girl come to my home and have you come there to teach her, but you know, according to our customs, for a girl to meet her mother-in-law before her wedding day is as dreadful as to meet a tiger." Of course, you know that a Chinese wedding is always at the groom's home, and that a bride gets her first glimpse of her husband and his

family when she alights from the bridal chair on the wedding day.

This girl is studying her catechism with a will, and is already asking when she may be baptized, though she has not yet the slightest idea of what baptism means. But I am praying that the Spirit may open her heart to a sense of sin, and a real knowledge of the Saviour's love, that she may no longer study the gospel for the sake of winning her husband's favor, but for her own soul's salvation.

Our Girls' School opened September 19th. We have sixty girls enrolled, the largest number we have ever had, and they are a busy, happy bunch of children. At the beginning of each new term I have to "think

out a plan," as the Chinese say, to accommodate the new girls who come in. Last spring Mr. Patterson came to the rescue and let us have two of his store-rooms, which we converted into two very respectable class rooms. Then we turned what had been a fuel house into a bed-room, and this fall we had to take our one little guest room for a class room, so now we must ask our guests to be seated in Mr. Junkin's guest room in the adjoining yard, or else receive them in a class room. I suppose there is little hope for anything new until these war times are over, but when they are, we hope and pray our Girls' School may come in for a large increase in property, buildings and equipment.

BACK TO CHINA.

MISS SALLIE M. LACY.

IT seems very natural to be once more writing from China.

I remember that when I first came out, as we were approaching Shanghai, I overheard a missionary returning from furlough say to another, "How natural and good it is to see the familiar Chinese sights once more." I, plunged in depths of homesickness, wondered how anyone could possibly feel this about China.

I have realized by experience, however, that it can be true. There was quite a thrill of homecoming in seeing again the green rice fields, wide plots of beans and sweet potatoes, bordered with golden sunflowers, and the brown straw-thatched cottages, and still more in receiving the warm greetings of the friends at the station, Chinese and American.

Despite the pangs of parting with loved ones in these anxious times, and the natural clinging to the flesh-pots, represented by the comforts of civilization, it is nevertheless good to be back in the work, and to feel that you are privileged to have even a small share in bringing in the kingdom in this great land. It was an agreeable surprise to me to find the country looking so well, as my letters had told of a bad drought in the spring. The summer rains, however, have brought fine autumn crops, and when I arrived on the 21st of September the country was looking fresher and greener than I ever remember seeing it at this season.

Mr. Graham's greeting to me was, "Well, you will find no lack of work; you can pick it up as you walk along the street." I have certainly found this to be true. Everyone is busy.

We are feeling a very large vacancy in

the station just now, after the departure of Dr. Woods for his delayed and much needed furlough.

Dr. Bell is taking up the work with zeal and efficiency, however, and he has capable and enthusiastic assistants in Mrs. Bell and Miss Agnes Woods. The hospital work has been very heavy for the past month, as the country people have been taking advantage of the bright weather to come in in great numbers.

The whole Talbot family migrated to the country for a month, Mrs. Talbot taking a Bible woman with her and setting up housekeeping in one of the houses used by our helpers.

Miss Hall also joined them for a week, helping in evangelistic work for the women. Our station received a valuable present while I was at home—a large motorcycle with a side car. It has proved most useful in the work, as three people can use it at the same time, and often one of the ladies is carried in the side car. It certainly has a great advantage in speed over the wheelbarrow.

Mr. Graham is as busy as usual with his duties as pastor of the city church, head of the boys' school, and general helper and adviser to the whole station.

The orphanage has become so reduced in numbers, as the larger boys have gone out to take positions, that Mr. Graham is working it in connection with the boys' school, as the numbers do not justify a separate institution. Mrs. Graham has gone this week to hold a series of evangelistic services for the women at Haichow, a work for which she has rare gifts. The Taylors have set up housekeeping, and are making good progress in their language study.

We feel very thankful for the consecrated and capable young recruits who have been sent to our help. My own work has been changed since my return. I am now giving most of my time to the evangelistic work in the hospital. There is a wide opportunity here, as we average forty or fifty women a day in the clinic, and the wards and private rooms are generally full. I teach the in-patients who are convalescent, and they are glad to have some interest to vary the monotony of the unusual confinement, and in many cases their hearts are really opened to receive the truth.

I also speak to the woman waiting their turn to be treated in the chapel, having an average audience of from thirty to forty.

I am also keeping up my children's meetings twice a week, and once a week I go to a village about three miles distant to hold a service for the women.

I have quite enjoyed three wheelbarrow trips in the lovely October weather.

On the whole the work is going forward very encouragingly, though I can see some reaction in the year that I was at home. This is only natural with the reactionary policy of the government, however, and I believe will only prove temporary.

We have to wait in patience for the harvest time, having full faith that the "Lord of the harvest" in his own good time will give us an abundant ingathering.

Tsing-Kiang-Pu.

HOSPITAL WORK AT TSING KIANG PU.

AGNES L. WOODS.

HERE are just a few pictures of our hospital and some of the poor patients that have been here within this year. The young girl with the bandaged hand was brought to us last spring just cut almost to pieces. The doctor had to take seventy-odd stitches in sewing her up. She woke up in the night to find her husband suddenly turned maniacal, trying to kill the baby. She attempted to protect her child and was the victim of his madman's fury, and nearly lost her life. The old mother-in-law heard her cries and finally pulled the man away and saved the child and mother. She was in the hospital nearly two months, and went away perfectly healed except for a little scar across the face. The husband had been arrested and was held in jail until she would ask for his release. The poor girl was in between two fires, but finally, through the pleas of the family, she appeared before the official and asked for his release. The official had the man come out, and in the presence of the court kowtow to his wife and beg her pardon. How long this humble spirit will last who can tell! He has had these attacks rather often lately, and yet there is no release for that poor girl, but she is his wife and has to live with him as long as he lives.

The second picture is of a poor little baby that was also brought in in the daily clinic. Its hand had been badly burned several months before, and in some way they had let the fingers close over the palm and the little fist had just grown that way. The doctor operated and the fingers were released, and the child was sent away perfectly well, to the great joy of its mother.

The third is a view of the hospital, show-

ing the men's wards in the foreground. The three-story section contains the administration and the operating rooms on the second floor with chapel below, and the store-rooms above. The distant end of the building is



With all her cuts and wounds there is no escape for this poor young girl from a crazy husband.

the women's wards and the private rooms. The hospital has eighty beds, thirty-one of these being for women. We are full this fall, and the whole staff has been kept on the steady go this year. Our daily clinics run above a hundred almost every day. The patients are coming more and more with perfect faith in the foreign doctor and his wonderful power to save and heal. Dr. Bell has charge of the hospital in the absence of Dr. Woods, who is home for his furlough. We are greatly encouraged in the work and ask for your prayers that this hospital may serve its highest purpose and be the means of bringing many not only to have their bodily diseases cured, but also to hear of the Great Physician who can



Hospital at Tsing-Kiang-Pu showing the men's wards in the foreground and the front view of the hospital.

cure the great disease of the soul. My aunt, Miss Lacy is doing faithful work amongst the patients in the wards, and we have a Bible woman who spends her afternoons in teaching those who care to study, and in telling them of the Saviour's love. Then



This poor little baby's hand was badly burned some months before, and the fingers had grown to the palm. The strange kodak man was too much for him.

Miss Lacy speaks to the women who gather in the dispensary chapel waiting to be seen, and may it be the dear Lord's will that all this faithful seed-sowing may bring forth abundant fruit unto his harvest. Will you remember us in your prayers?

SUTSIEN'S UNION HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FROM NOTES BY B. C. PATTERSON AND OTHER DELEGATES.

A WELL-ATTENDED, enthusiastic gathering of representatives from twenty-five different churches has just finished its meeting at Seining, a walled city nearly twenty-five miles from Sutsien, meeting on October 31, the very day Martin Luther nailed his theses.

As they came to the meeting our party met a French priest. The priest asked what flag that was they carried. The flag had written upon it in large characters, "Christian Preaching Society." They replied to his question, "What do you think it is?"

He said no more and passed on.

Four hundred years ago the situation would have been very different.

This Society represents three counties of North Kiangsu and nearly 1,000 church members. Seventy-eight delegates and forty-six representatives from Seining attended the meetings. Some of these delegates walked two days to be present and nearly all of them walked one day, and the return trip was through the rain and mud.

Seining Christians furnished them straw and new mats to sleep upon, hot water for tea and lamp oil. The delegates fed themselves (furnished their own food) and carried their own bedding.

Two of the members, who had been present at the spring meeting, died in the summer. One was the evangelist stationed at Seining, Mr. Time, who had planned this meeting there. He was most affectionately remembered at this meeting, and a sum of money was raised to present his widow a handsome Bible, as a token of respect. Mr. Patterson writes:

"I was the only foreigner in the city. I was dressed native style, and had seen a large part of the audience grow from childhood, so I did not feel a stranger among them.

The two mornings of the meeting were taken up with early prayer, followed by studies in I and II Timothy, by Mr. Patterson.

The first afternoon was spent in all the delegates going forth to preach the gospel. It was market day and thousands of people in town, so they "went forth with gladness of heart," as one of the delegates said.

Among the delegates were two degree men, several village "squires," merchants, teachers, traveling doctors, but many of them poor farmers.

Two of the most interesting delegates are the Chu brothers, from Ishu. They are large portly fellows, well to do Chinese. The older one was so wicked every one said he could not be a Christian. He was called "the tiger of the hill" and "the county tyrant." The younger one was naturally so good that every one said he had no need to be a Christian.

They changed their names to "Born Again," "Born Anew," and a third brother, who will soon be baptized, they call "Resurrected." In Chinese these three names all end in the same character, "to be born."

They are planning a ceremony called "The Three Births," which is very auspicious in China, but they will observe it as a religious festival. These two brothers had promised their mother they would make a journey to Tai Shan, a mountain in Shandong, to burn incense for her soul. It meant a trip of over two months' duration, and great expense.

They became Christians before they had fulfilled this promise, so they decided to go anyway, and make it a trip to preach the gospel to the other pilgrims.

Each delegate is supposed to give a report, or a short speech. The ridiculous

often happens even in religious gatherings.

A young man appointed to make a report went upon the platform, bowed to the audience, which was two bows, for the men and women sit separately, then bowed to the chairman. He said he had nothing to report, made three more bows and left the platform. Nothing if not polite.

At Seining they have the custom of lighting candles in the daytime to give departed souls light on their way.

Deacon Li of Sutsien made good use of this custom in his address to illustrate how people want the false instead of the true gospel light.

One testified:

"I would certainly have been dead but for the gospel. Before my conversion every one, especially those who knew me, gave me a wide berth.

"Preaching makes many friends and elevates one in his own and others' eyes,

"It makes one love people.

"As the representative of the King, one has a glorious work."

Another said:

"Don't be an idle door, to turn and swing on a pivot and then stand still."

An enquirer, a scholar, reported:

"Yes, I went with the volunteers to preach, but I was ashamed. I merely went through the form. Mr. Wang saw my plight and he said, 'Pray.' Since then it has been better."

At Iron Idol village the Christians were persecuted and their opponents tried to overawe them. They painted their hats with "I am a Christian," and wore them, which helped the situation.

Being a Christian in China is one of the most difficult of undertakings.

These enthusiastic meetings that they hold semi-annually do much to strengthen and encourage both the church where they meet and those who attend.

To one who remembers the heathen darkness of this corner of China twenty years ago, and now hears of missionary societies, and this one just back from Presbytery, we do thank God and take courage.

By the twenty-five churches mentioned above is meant places where there are chapels and regular preaching services.

The Sutsien field has only three fully organized churches.

Sutsien, Nov. 16, 1917.



THE STUART MEMORIAL CHURCH, HANGCHOW, CHINA.

REV. J. MERCER BLAIN, D. D.

I CONGRATULATE you first on the location of your church."

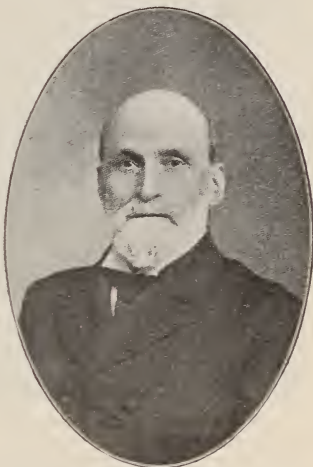
The new church is situated in what was formerly the "Manchu City." That is the part of the city in provincial capitals that was under the old regime set apart for the Manchus. It was encircled by a wall of its own so that it was a walled city within a walled city. The biggest thing in it was the Tartar General's *yamen*. At the time of the revolution in 1911, when the Manchus were forced to abdicate, the wall was torn down and the whole section confiscated by the government and laid off in lots with beautiful wide streets running in every direction. "I little thought," continued the preacher, "when as a boy I grew up in Hangchow that I would see a church of Christ on this spot."

"I congratulate you on the name you have chosen for the church."

The Chinese name of the church is the "Wu-san Chitoh Chao dang." The church stands where five streets converge, one of which runs through to the picturesque West Lake, less than half mile away, famous in song and story. The lake is surrounded by mountains and the Chinese have christened the new, modern district "Wu San," that is, "Lake and Mountain," a really poetical name from a Chinese standpoint. The speaker dwelt on the aptness of the name for a church, "The Lake Mountain Church of Christ," calling attention to Christ's fondness for the lake and the mountains, how he begun on the lakeside and often took his disciples to the mountain for prayer, and finally showed them his glory on the mountain top. He expressed the wish that the members of this church might not be satisfied with the lake level, but might go up to the mountain top with Christ in their spiritual experiences.

"I congratulate you because you have erected a memorial that counts for something."

He mentioned memorials on which thousands of dollars had been spent, notably the Washington Monument, and which brought no benefit to man and pointed out what a useful and appropriate memorial



先牧司徒爾公照像

美牧道于月天由得建一第
 籍四民問去其君造所
 也十國被年老發大
 來六主正友起禮
 杭年召月貝捐拜
 爾十歸間資堂
 傳今
 耳擴司面一建得由天月于道美牧
 充徒一(圖在後
 傳爾公以記念
 道公一以
 工作

Rev. John L. Stuart, D. D.

(Translation of Chinese Inscription Underneath Photo of Dr. Stuart.)

Pastor Stuart came from America and spent forty-five years in Hangchow. In the fourth year of the Republic and the tenth month the Lord called him to Heaven. Last year in the first month his old friend, Dr. Painter, contributed funds to build this church to his memory and for the purpose of preaching the Gospel in the city.

is this splendid edifice to Dr. John L. Stuart, who gave forty-five years of his life to Hangchow. The building is of gray brick painted inside and out, with red tile roof and sloping floor, with separate rooms for Sunday-school and Bible classes, lighted throughout with electricity. The land



Entrance to Stuart Memorial Church.

Front row from left to right: Rev. Warren H. Stuart, D. D., Mrs. Mary H. (Mrs. John L.) Stuart, Rev. J. Leighton Stuart, D. D. In upper row: Rev. Dzen Dah-San, Rev. Sang Kylen-Dang. They are standing on steps in front of Stuart Memorial church, Hangchow, China.

was given by Mrs. Stuart and the building was made possible by Rev. G. W. Painter, D. D., who gave the first and largest sub-

scription to the fund. Dr. Painter was a bosom friend and colleague of Dr. Stuart for thirty years; he is now at home in feeble health, but has set us all an example by giving out of his poverty, not according to his ability, but far beyond it, to erect this house to the glory of God and in memory of his old friend. Other subscriptions were made by missionaries, by friends at home, while a special evangelistic fund and some mission funds helped out. The plans were drawn by one of our missionaries, Professor J. M. Wilson, of the Hangchow Christian College, and Rev. R. J. McMullen was chairman of the Building Committee and carried the burden of the work. As we sat in the church and heard the sweet tones of the new bell, the gift of an old Chinese Christian woman eighty-four years old, sending throughout the great heathen city its clarion call to worship, and saw more than 600 people filling the seats and many turned away for lack of room, we felt that the pioneers of fifty years ago must be very near and must be rejoicing with us in seeing what God had wrought. Of these early workers only Dr. Painter and Mr. Helm are left to read this account.

The dedication exercises took place on the 4th of November and were in charge



Stuart Memorial Church, Hangchow, China.

of Rev. Dzen Dah san, the pastor of both this new church and the old mother church a mile away at the T'ien swe gyao (Heavenly Water Bridge). The dedicatory prayer was made by Rev. Liu Teh sen, one of our ordained evangelists. The preacher of the occasion, from whom we quote above, was Rev. Tsang Pao-ts'u, son of the first Chinese Presbyterian preacher ever in Hangchow and now pastor of a church in Shanghai. In his sermon, after offering congratulations, he dwelt upon the church as a military camp, where soldiers were to be trained; as a hospital, where sin-sickness was to be cured and where trained nurses were to help the Great Physician; as a lighthouse from which would shine the rays of the Sun of Righteousness; as a school where disciples were to be trained and from which they were to go out to teach others. On one afternoon Rev. Sang Chien-dang, another of our evangelists, gave an interesting address on the semi-centennial of our Southern Presbyterian work in China, this being our jubilee year. Special meetings for men and for women were also held.

The guests of honor of the occasion were Mrs. J. L. Stuart and her two sons, Rev. J. Leighton Stuart, D. D., of the Nanking Theological Seminary, and Rev. Warren H. Stuart, acting President of the Hangchow Christian College. Mrs. Stuart, although she is in her seventy-sixth year and will soon celebrate her forty-fourth anniversary



Pastor Dzen and wife, Hangchow.

in China, is strong and well and still rejoices in doing full work. We of the younger generation count it a great blessing to have her with us in our homes and our work. Mr. Warren Stuart gave us a delightful morning sermon on "Some Characteristics of Life," while Dr. Leighton Stuart made an able and most enlightening address at the men's meeting on "Some Principles of the Presbyterian Church."

The situation of the church is a commanding one, being just across the canal from the Hangchow Union Girls' High School, and within easy reach of large classical and medical government schools and only two minutes walk from the main business street running north and south. The regular congregation will average over 200, a number of whom are of the educated classes. Bible classes specially for government school students at present have an attendance of 130 odd. Besides these classes and the regular Sunday-school a Sunday-school for street children is held every Sunday in which the school girls do a great deal of the teaching. The organists are Miss Sophie P. Graham and Mrs. Lo. The opportunities here are magnificent and we feel that under the blessing of God we should see this a flourishing and fully



Dzen Nai-nai, a Christian 83 years old, who gave the money for the church bell bought in America.



Some of the Missionary force at Hangchow, China.

self-supporting church with a pastor of its own exclusively within a few years. Will

not our friends at home all pray with us to this end?

A FAR EAST FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY SUNG HYUNG (1439-1504 A. D.)

HERE was once a Buddhist priest, very kind and very honest. He saluted every one, even a minister of state, by his own name. Whatever was given him, great or little in value, he accepted with all simplicity, and whatever was asked of him he gave willingly even all that he possessed. He wore only a ragged suit and a battered hat, and went about Seoul, a sight familiar to all the people. He never asked for anything. If any one gave him food he ate it; if no one gave him any he fasted. If given the finest fare he made no special treat of it, but accepted it as a matter of course. Poor fare he took with equal appreciation. Whatever he spoke of he called Brother. In speaking of a stone he called it Brother Stone, or of a tree, Brother Tree. Thus he addressed everything.

"A group of Confucian scholars saw this priest once hurrying along the road toward evening time, and they inquired, 'Hullo! Where are you off to?' 'I'm looking for a pair of trousers,' said he, 'and am off to the house of Brother Bird.' All laughed at this.

"He had an ugly scar on his face and someone asked him how he came by it. He replied: 'Once I was out among the hills looking for wood, when I saw a bear and a tiger fighting. I went to them and said, 'Why do you fight? Why not be friends instead?' Brother Tiger on hearing this looked ashamed and went away, but Brother Bear was resentful and turned and scratched my face. Some of the hill folk came and helped me at the time.'

"Once when I (Sung Hyun) was sitting in conference with the other ministers of

state this priest came and called on us. We asked him, 'Why don't you go to the hills and study instead of knocking about in all kinds of wind and weather building bridges, placing stepping stones, mending roads, and digging wells as you do?'

"The priest replied, 'When I was young my teacher told me to go to the hills and spend ten years in earnest study, assuring me that if I did so I would understand the meaning of the Buddha. I went to the Diamond Mountains for five years, and to

the O-tai Hills for another five, and worked very hard, but no profit came of it.

"My teacher then told me that if I would read the Lotus Sutra one hundred times I would understand. This I did and yet found no profit. From that time on I understood that the Buddha was hard to fathom. Nothing else was left to me in the way of rendering helpful service to my fellows, so I turned to aid in building bridges, placing stepping-stones, making roads and digging wells.'"

LETTER FROM KIANGYIN.

Mrs. GEORGE C. WORTH.

THE long hot summer is over and we are enjoying a cool, bracing, beautiful fall. The crops here are fine this year—in fact, this seems to be one of the favored spots of the earth just now. The changes in the government, the revolution, the declaring war against Germauy have hardly stirred a ripple on the surface of life. There has been very little sickness, no epidemics, and business seems to be prospering. There are many new houses being built in the city, new stores opened, new roads paved, and we hear that we are certain to have electric lights this winter.

The people are most friendly and cordial to us; they welcome us in their homes; they say they want to become Christians, and many are reading and studying the Bible; but they still hold on to Confucianism and idolatry. If they could just add Christianity to the beliefs and superstitions which already bind them they would do so readily. It is the giving up all the old ones and trusting in Christ alone for salvation that holds them back.

I will tell you some of the interesting things that have happened here recently. One of the Christians at Siao Gyi is a one-eyed old boat-woman who cannot read and is very ignorant, but she is and has been for many years a faithful Christian. All her sons are dead but one, and she is old and feeble and poor. None of her children or grandchildren are Christians, but her oldest grandson was loving and considerate of her and was her one great comfort. Last spring he was rowing a boat for a rich family out there when he fell off the boat and was drowned. The Chinese say that usually an old grandmother would make that an excuse to extort a large sum of money from the employers; but when they sent to ask this grandmother what she wanted she replied, "Only a coffin." She added, "We have clothes that will do for his burial, but we have no cof-

fin," and that was all she would take. So she lived her gospel before the whole community and bore her grief as a Christian should.

Mr. Li Dzai Fu was employed here as a preacher and colporteur for many years, but two years ago was dropped because he seemed lazy and inactive. Since then he has been eking out a living in a country town as registrar of deeds and quack doctor; he has preached to the people and now there are several enquirers there. Recently he has had an interesting experience. His landlord's daughter-in-law became ill and they sent for the fortune-teller to come and find out the cause of her illness. She said: "It is not surprising that there is illness in your house; you have this Christian man living here and preaching about Jesus all the time; your kitchen god has left the house and your ancestors' spirits have not been here for a year. You will have to put this Christian out if you want peace and prosperity." The landlord came and asked Mr. Li to move, but he refused to do so, reminding the landlord that he had a three years' contract and paid his rent regularly. Then he begged the man not to be so foolish, but to send for a doctor to treat the girl. He did so and several doctors were called in, but the girl grew worse and finally they gave her up as incurable. That night she raised herself up and asked them to send for Mr. Li. "He can cure me," she said. They called him in and Mr. Li says he never prayed so hard in his life; he begged the Lord to tell him what to do for her. He gave her some very simple treatment and she soon recovered. Now he says they are all willing to listen to him and he has more influence and authority than he knows how to live up to.

Mr. Little has a Bible class every Sunday afternoon for the educated men from the city. Quite a number of school teach-

ers come and sometimes he has as many as thirty. Recently he received a letter from one young teacher who said he had been studying Christianity for some time and was convinced it was a better religion than Confucianism. He ended by asking that we pray for him that he might become the Martin Luther of China! Like the disciple, I suppose he knows not what he is asking, but we are praying that he may be truly converted and used by God.

The gentry here have given more than \$1,300 for a new hospital ward, and they are still getting subscriptions. Work has already begun on the building. One of the subscriptions was given in a very interesting way. Mr. Tsang was the prime mover of the idea and he has collected most of the money, but he is poor and has not been able to give any himself. He has a very devoted adopted daughter who was once in our school, but left four years ago on account of her own and her mother's ill-health. They are both well now and recently he came here and said: "My daughter has decided to return to school, graduate and then study medicine. She has \$200 which she wants to give to the hospital as my subscription, and in consideration of this she wants her school fees remitted for the four years of her high school course." From a Chinese point of view this was not an exorbitant request, as the interest on the money would more than pay

her fees, and as they know we need the money now. We gladly took her in and they brought the money the next night, but he absolutely refused to have his name appear on the subscription list.

Several years ago we had a young woman studying here in the Bible school who was the wife of a rich young man. He did not care for her and had taken a second wife, so she left him. After staying here a few months she began to support herself by teaching. Her husband smoked opium, gambled and spent his money in riotous living. Finally everything was gone and the second wife ran away. Then he turned to the discarded first wife for help and comfort. She took him in, helped him to break the opium habit, bought new clothes for him and even put a "ring on his hand," then she sent here for one of the missionaries to come out and talk to him, for she said: "We realize that without the gospel he will go back to his old habits and sin. Mrs. Sykes went out to see him and found him morally weak and irresponsible. He does not seem to feel his sin and disgrace and is not willing to work or to go to college, as his wife wants him to do. She must go back to her teaching to support them both and she is afraid to leave him alone. Poor little woman, she has a very heavy burden and we are praying that her faith may not fail."

LETTER FROM MISS KITTY McMULLEN.

I AM claiming the privilege of sending you a word from the front, inspiring your interest in this our common work with our Master.

We had a very interesting trip over. The most interesting feature to me was the change in the people as a whole. The atmosphere on the boat had changed and there was a quiet seriousness which characterized the majority. There was much less dancing, drinking, and card playing than when I crossed a year ago.

To think the price of making the world think should have to be so great! We had some seventy missionaries on board and a unit of thirty-eight of the Red Cross Commission. Their last night on board we had a farewell meeting for them. Their colonel was from Virginia, also several doctors, and our hearts ached to see them leave for Roumania, where they hoped to help those people in every way. After some very fine speeches from missionaries and then from their number, the head of the unit of nurses made the closing speech. She had served in France last year and knew

something of what was before her, but the peace and quiet joy in her life and work as she went was expressed in her closing sentence, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world." And so at Japan they went from us into the seething mass of suffering and woe, with the quiet upward look. A few of God's own who may be victims of man's method of righting things. How satisfied the Christ must be with the beauty of the laid down lives of many of his own, but how his heart must ache to think it must be so.

And then we arrived in sleepy, dark China in this seething mass of humanity. When I first came to China the novelty of everything took the edge off many of the disagreeable features of living in this country, and thus my sympathy went out to them in full. So it was a new sensation indeed to find that I had to fight to keep from losing my sympathy with these "without the chance" people and not be disgusted altogether. There was no novelty about the situation when I re-arrived, and China in her darkness and her dirt and

smell and ignorance was awful and pitiful beyond words. I would that I might picture to you these people and their need, so that your hearts, too, might ache and yearn and long over these people, and you, too, would unceasingly pray the Master's prayer that there may be "more laborers in the harvest field."

The death of Mr. Haden and Dr. Davis, of Soochow, left such a vacancy at that place that Mr. Smith was asked to leave Tunghiang and go to Soochow. This left just the McGinnis family, Miss Lynch, and me at Tunghiang, and when Miss Lynch, Mr. McGinnis, and I are itinerating, only Mrs. McGinnis, and she without a doctor. Because of this we were asked to move to Kashing, twenty miles from Tunghiang, and make our headquarters there with other missionaries and still work our same territory, so we have moved and my address now is "Kashing."

One thing has impressed me on returning as never before, and that is how overworked every missionary is. This has impressed me greatly on returning after having "played" in the United States, and there being no play time now. By the time night comes all are exhausted, and we play for a good time next summer.

But more of this will tire you, so I will tell you how I found the work and the Christians. Some of you may remember my telling you of the work at three different places.

At Ah-zah the women kept up their weekly prayer-meeting regularly. You remember I told you about the group of women of eight to fifteen who meet every week at different homes, each taking their turn leading and all leading in prayer. And only one of this number can read. She, Mrs. Kuh, the preacher's wife, helps the one who is to lead read her Scripture selection and then the leader plans her own talk. At this meeting definite petitions are offered and answers reported. It seems wonderful to me that they should not have become discouraged or given this up during my absence, and teaches me again that this is the work of the Master and the Spirit in which I am sometimes an instrument. The Christians there have invested in a drum and horns, and every Sunday after their own service they launch out to different parts of the city in the "Salvation Army style" and have street preaching. They are at work. (1) Pray that they may be guided and led and given fruit for their labors. If you want to know more of these people get Mr. Smith, who is at home now, to tell you.

At Do Dienz the day school is very encouraging, although the condition of the church is not. We have about fifty in our



Miss Kitty McMullen

schools there, and they seem to be doing good work. In thinking of this bear in mind that the study of our Christian books and attendance at services on Sunday are compulsory, and also that we charge tuition and there are free schools in the city. This gives us a wonderful opportunity to train a Christian constituency.

At Tunghiang we had some "warm" farewells, for not only the Christians, but the government school teachers and pupils, the magistrate and wife and leading people in town, seemed genuinely sorry to see us leave. We have offered our place there for sale for \$17,500, and if this can be sold will be a good start for opening work in West China. (2) Please bear this in mind and pray very definitely for this with us.

It is in our Zhai Gyao work that the most have been brought in during the year. This is the place where nearly all the Christians live from two-third miles to three and one-third miles in the country, and where they come from 7 and 8 A. M. and stay until 4 and 5 P. M., and cook dinner at the church. My Sunday with them I found as full of interest as ever. The first came at 6:45 and by 8 A. M. there was quite a crowd. I was out with them by 8, and had begun teaching them Bible verses. The last one left at 5 P. M., after relating all their troubles, and at noon I had twenty minutes to myself. The old Chinese



West Lake, Hangchow, China.

helper, who is blind in one eye and can't see much out of the other, preached really a very fine sermon on the second coming of our Lord. All of you whom I met at home know how I was rejoicing over such a sermon. Our dear people here are also

looking for the Christ's reappearing at any time. One old woman, who has become interested since I was here, walked in three and one-third miles, was here by 8 A. M., and is eighty-three years old. We had over thirty women, seven of whom were over sixty, and all of the thirty had walked from one to three miles. Yet their ignorance is indeed pitiful. Their inability to grasp the truths and remember them with their untrained minds makes it necessary to depend on the power of him who promises wisdom to all who ask for it. (3) And it is this wisdom for them I wish you would pray.

I trust you can help us in a very real way through prayer during the coming year, and these three requests and their setting I hope you will remember.

The inspiration of your interest is still with me, and I hope during the coming winter to write you again and again.

My parting message to you is found in 2 Peter 3:13-14: May his peace and his joy and his hope keep you—until he comes.
Kashing, Sept. 26.

FROM OUR OUTGOING AFRICA PARTY.

BY MARY KIRKLAND.

WE are all safe, sound, and so happy at the end of the beginning, and the beginning of the end of our long journey. It is very real to us that we have been "kept by the power of God, through faith;" kept from submarines that twice were too close for comfort, from fire on board that might have proved serious but for His watchful care, and from the mine field that has caused so much damage and disaster of late. Surely we have been experiencing the fulfilment of this promise, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The same Providence that has kept us from dangers seen and unseen, brought together with one accord in one place forty-five missionaries to Congo—an event that should make October 23 a red-letter day in modern missionary history, and make glad the heart of the Captain of the Lord's hosts, Who is sending out this little army; twenty-five to Northeast Congo under the Africa Inland Mission Board, six to Lower Congo under the Christian and Missionary Alliance, nine to the Kasai District under the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions in the Presbyterian Church, U. S.,

five just next door under the Southern Methodist Board. There was never such a gathering in Cape Town before, although it is the front door of Africa for missionary entrance since the war began. As one after another pointed out on the map the bounds and scope of his particular work, nothing seemed more certain than that with the prayerful help of the Church at home, Congo will be taken for Christ from heathenism, Roman Catholicism, and Mohammedanism at any cost.

Not a "raw recruit" but was stirred by the talks of some of the "veterans:" Dr. Hurlburt, head of the Africa Inland Mission, who is taking out all his five grown children as his fellow-laborers; Bishop Johnston, of the Northern Methodist Church, whose workers are striving with Baluba peoples in their original territory; Mr. Du Plessis, greatest living missionary explorer and author of a new book, "Thrice Through the Dark Continent;" Dr. Murray, nephew of Andrew Murray and secretary of Foreign Missions in the Dutch Reformed Church of Cape Colony; and Mr. Allen, who, after pointing backward over the providences that had brought us all together, pointed forward to the day when Africa, the little child among the nations, should serve as an example of confiding, child-like trust to rebuke a lack of faith.

and prove to be one of the weak things that confound the mighty.

Over the door of the Y. M. C. A. room where Dr. Murray served tea, the life-size picture of David Livingstone seemed to look down as a reminder that God's richest blessings will fall down on these Americans who are eager to help heal this open sore of the world. If one thought above all others was paramount in each heart it was his resolve, "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, save only

in its relation to the kingdom of Christ."

But why should forty-five missionaries ready to enter Congo at once be unusual? It is such a pitifully small army compared to the millions fighting for freedom in France! I know it is true that if the Son shall make Congo free, it shall be free indeed, but forty-five seems such a few when there are so many who should hear.

I have a great hope in my heart that soon we shall have more help as first-fruits of this year's prayer for Africa.

WHAT A MISSIONARY DOES.

DR. E. R. KELLERSBERGER.

YOU may ask some days, how does a missionary spend all his time. It will take me a long time to tell you all that I do these days, and hard to know where to begin. First, there is the burden of the language—this stares you in the face all the time, and is of tremendous importance. We are glad to say that this language is easier to learn than Chinese. In one-half year the average man can give his first talk with some assurance of being understood. Though I am not a preacher, I did this—held my first public meeting (about 250 people) six months after I came out here. A man should never quit studying the language. This is a great mistake. He can always learn something new, but after one gets into the work it is very hard to take or find time to study.

Because of the constant, serious lack of workers, and because a mission is just like a big business concern, the workers on the field are sadly overworked, and are shifted to and fro constantly, causing much inefficiency in the work which they were sent out to do. Books have to be kept on all stations, large correspondence taken care of, transport done, stores of barter goods, eating supplies, etc., received, managed, and sold to missionaries and natives, payroll of workmen and supervision of the work and repairs seen to, etc., etc. I do not mention letters written in French to the State about cases, religious persecution, and many other small affairs of the most varied description. I have not mentioned the care of 75-100 patients every day, with its responsibilities, its time, no nurse, no hospital—no real convenience of any kind.

I shall try to give you an average day of my life here—this will show you what a variety of things fills up even the doctor's life out here. I picked out Monday as an example. Of course on Sunday the routine is different again, with preaching in villages, boys' class in Sunday-school,

our own meeting in the evening, etc. My alarm clock rings at 4:50 every morning except Sundays. From 5 to 6 we spend at the Throne of Grace in prayer, meditation, and Bible study—this is indispensable for a successful day. At 5:30 my sentidi rings the rising bell. At 6:10 the second bell rings for the daily morning meeting—only the male missionaries attend, and it is a sight that does one's faith good to see the natives, some with no clothes, some with little, some with more, flocking through the cold fog and sit shivering listening to the speaker—but the morning hymn sounds cherry and carries far. After this I get out my roll-call, and the big line of workmen is started off—this means much work at times, especially when we are building—and we have built three houses in the last five months. Why do we have sixty to eighty men? They are like children, and don't know what work means; they get the sum of 6 francs a month (about \$1.20 in our money). Out of this they pay for their own food, too, but we must remember that before the white man came they had no work and did mostly nothing—as even now the great majority of them do. I usually try to eat breakfast next—sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It comes usually about 7-7:30. As soon as it is over Kabata, my table and house boy, calls the boys to the "Kusangixa" (to gather)—this includes him, my cook Dibaya, my wash-jack Ciamala, my medical helpers Nkuadi and Cimpanga, and Ntumba Josephue—Mr. Hillhouse's personal boy. We sing a hymn and then I explain a passage of Scripture, and I or one of them leads in a short prayer. Once a week I make one of them lead—this to start them to thinking along the line of evangelistic work. I so enjoy this meeting, and it has gotten quite a hold on the whole family. After the prayer is over and the "mooyo beuu" (literally—life to you) has been said, we all

go to our work. The patients have gathered; the word of God is given to them every morning, explained, and prayer made, and work begun. Begun, yes, but I had to see how the fence that I was building was getting along. The two regular Mutoto mailmen have to be sent off; this station is three days off by fast foot travel; we have a mail service every week; much mail often comes here by the steamers for our people there. A path-letter has to be written every time to protect them from seizure by State men for soldiers, or if they have failed to pay their taxes; each is given a cup of salt—this pays them for three days.

This is just a casual interruption of my medical work—but here comes a caravan of twenty big Batetelas from Wembo Niama, 250 miles east, and the headquarters of our friends, the Southern Methodists, who came here four years ago under Bishop Lambuth, Dr. Mumpower, and were guided and started by my worthy colleague, Rev. R. D. Bedinger, and some of our native Christians. These twenty Batetelas are one of four sections of large caravans to carry boxes, salt, etc. We are the transport agents for them, as all steamers stop here as the head of navigation. The last four months they have gotten 250 boxes from the United States, besides beds, stoves, mattresses, etc. We haul it here from Lusambo, two miles down, and they carry it 200 miles over rivers, ravines, and bad hills for two weeks. I put them off till I finish my medical work. This I superintend, having about seventy patients this morning. In the midst of this a special caravan of three men arrives from Luebo (ten days' march) with a box of books for Wemba Niama marked, "Hurry on, they need them badly." Our printing press (which is supported yearly by the liberality of the people of First church, St. Joseph, Mo.), does all the printing work for the M. E. C. M. This is what we call working together, and is a fine thing. As I am about to finish my medical work in comes an accident case—a man badly cut by his wife in a heathen midnight brawl. This over, I rush over to see that the caravan is loaded properly. If you want to see Africa in its real crudeness and literal nakedness—see the Batetelas. The men are big, strong, and splendid specimens of physical perfection; they wear only a loin cloth. Dr. Morrison has just returned from that section, and he tells me that the women wear practically no clothes, and it is considered a serious infraction of their customs to take on foreign dress. On the other hand, the Balubas are the opposite—they take to foreign clothes and other new customs very quick-

ly. This is their general characteristic, and is the reason why they have responded to the gospel so much sooner than other tribes have. Not only are the Batetelas strong, but they are wild—an African wildness, and you can see in their faces that it was not long since they had the last taste of human flesh, this tribe especially being noted for its man-eating capacity, and any one of our Baluba friends at some time, twenty or more years ago graced their terrible orgies. To return to my story. After feeling like hitting one or two of them, they are so uncontrollable, but I did not do it, as it does not pay, I finally got them loaded, "salted" and sent them off on their long, hard march. This finished, the regular weekly mail man from Wembo Niama appears. This time I load him with twenty hoe tips and mail—this means a business letter every week. All the Methodists mail comes through here. It comes by the sack fulls, and my big desk looks like a post-office—Wembo N. mail, Mutoto mail, Luebo mail, foreign mail, local mail, etc., etc. My man is given his salt, a quick round is made to the house-building operations and other places where the workmen are scattered. Dinner bell of the compound rings, and after one of those good meals we have out here comes the rest hour. This, to my mind, is the saving of the day—it is spent in quiet, reading and sleep. I think that this nap has been of great value in keeping my nerves in their right place in this over-busy life. With this intense activity here, the relaxing climate, the drain on you by many persons and demands day after day—well, you have to keep close to God to keep sweet all the time; we are subject to the same infirmities here as at home.

At 2 P. M. the workmen's bell rings—roll-call, and work assigned. Ten "Mikanda" written for workmen to give them a safe pass along the roads. Many natives try to keep from paying their taxes, and are caught by the State police if they run about "cianana" (i. e., with no credentials). They don't catch our men very much because they know that we make them pay their taxes. Or, they pick them up for public work, or more often as soldiers. They are very afraid of this. We don't pay our workmen as much as others do, but they are treated better, and men are always applying for work.

As we get supplies on a large scale only once a year, we have a magazine or store, if you want to call it that, where we keep groceries, supplies, and salt, cloth, etc. It gets messy very quickly, and today I put on my overalls (so glad I brought them) and cleaned for an hour. And, by the way, African roaches are much bigger than are

those at home—they spit in your face if you give them half a chance. I don't love them. We have a cat that relishes them, of which I am glad. Here come the three men that want to return to Luebo, so I write Mr. Arnold a letter, make out a road letter, and "salt" them for three days. Here comes Elder Kabongo for two boxes that we had been storing here for some time for a sick native of the Methodist Mission—yes, his wife came along and will carry a heavy box and a package on her head for six miles in the heat of the day—but the women do all the heavy carrying here.

Then I repaired to what I call my office, where I had to unpack 1,000 francs in chicken money and count it. You have no idea how much small money we use here— $\frac{1}{2}$ -cent, 1-cent, 2-cent, 4-cent, 10-cent, 20-cent, 40-cent, etc., pieces—of course, all in centimes, French money. After 5-6 P. M. we try to relax. I went to the garden to pick tomatoes. At 5:30 the quitting bell rings and a shout of joy goes up from the workmen. This night I write letters, read and go to bed early. Letter-writing is a never-ending business out here, and I am not always very crazy about it; but I must confess that I do like to receive them. If I don't get to bed by 9 P. M. I don't get the necessary sleep, and I need my seven and one-half hours every night to keep going.

I have tried to describe to you one day. If I had taken Wednesday I'd added the afternoon prayer-meeting, and our own night meeting; if Thursday, the play afternoon of my big boys' class; if Friday, a long jaunt to a village in the near hills. If I had chosen Sunday—then a morning service here, or some of our near outstations two or three miles away; then Sunday-school in the evening, and English service at night—and not to forget, your front porch and back yard with people, people

most of the day, taking much of your energy, time, and demanding that we should love them, and we do, but only sometimes we get pretty tired. I have not told you about sick calls to the village, accident cases, surveying streets and laying out, house lots in the village, about station meetings to discuss problems, meetings with the pastor and the elder, judging cases, nights for language study, monthly and quarterly business and medical reports, visits to the State officials, to Lusambo on business, etc. I have not told you that we also have a tennis court and play hard games (only our net is rotted and we use a piece of cloth instead). Yes, we even go to the State people sometimes, and so far, even with the help of their confident English doctor, they can't beat us at that English game. Have not told you that Bedinger takes month long trips into the hill country, and that I am here alone with all the work. I have many correspondents at home (if you one of them). I sometimes wonder if some of you don't feel that you have done everything by giving. But your obligation is to God, not me, and anything you can do to make me more effective is for His glory. Yes, it is a busy life, and a man can't stand it many years, unless he has an iron physique and lives carefully, but "better to wear away than rust away." What else do we do? We work for the saving of the souls of those people—that's more and a greater work than all the rest, which is only incidental to the real issue. Are you praying to God daily, earnestly, that our lives, our walk here may be the walk, moment by moment, of a totally consecrated, witnessing follower of our Saviour Jesus? That they may see and follow Jesus not because of what we say so much as because of what our lives say? We are your advance guard

AN INTERESTING WORD-PICTURE OF LUSAMBO.

EDNA KELLERSBERGER.

ONE would think that a small station with only two couples, one baby and two temporary missionaries, and with only a small, orderly, native Christian village right at us while the larger, noisier villages are half a mile or more away, would be a very quiet place. But life has been full of interesting occurrences. In April came little, blue-eyed, pink and white Martha Reid Bedinger, as well and cheerful as a baby could be, bringing a trail of happy events such as the first smile, the

first crow, the first laugh out loud, etc.

But she hasn't been our only pleasure. We've a new, neat, three-roomed mud pharmacy with clean, yellow, unpainted shelves and tables—an operating table, too, although the problem of how to operate over a mud floor and under a grass roof sifting dirt continually hasn't yet been solved. We do so need a real hospital. But we are enjoying our little pharmacy, which is a great improvement over our old open shed, shared before with the carpenter.

And then among our glad happenings is the building of an unusually pretty mud bungalow for the Bedingers. It even has a brick fire place in the bed room and brick pillars on the veranda overlooking the beautiful river and wonderful hills beyond. Mr. Hillhouse's first brick kiln, which we all visited at sunset hour with unabating interest, was a success in spite of winds, rains, incompetent help and poor equipment.

But the biggest excitement we've had is the "run in and out" visits of Dr. Morrison on his way to and from Wembo Niama, our Southern Methodist Mission. Still, in the midst of all these pleasures, work hasn't been neglected, and sometimes I think that some one somewhere is praying mighty hard for us. Is it you? Church and Sunday-school attendance has increased without special efforts on the part of the missionaries. The credit is due to the good work of our evangelists. Last Sunday there were four chiefs in the congregation. Then, too, school has begun again after a month's vacation with fresh zeal and interest under

its new superintendent, Mrs. Bedinger.

Still most important of all has been the visitations made to the outstations. Elder Kabonga made a trip recently and was much impressed with the way the out villages were stressing Sabbath keeping. He told of one chief whose child died soon after he gave up his native medicines. The witch doctor said the death of the child was due to his casting off these heathen customs. But the chief, holding fast to his new conviction, had the opportunity to prove the falsity of such a statement when a member of the medicine man's family died not long after. Mr. Bedinger and our gentle, Christ-like, native pastor, Musonguela, too, have made a road trip lately, receiving into the church, as the result of the work of the evangelists in our Lusambo district, thirty-one persons. And so day by day life goes on for us "buried" (?) here in the heart of Africa as busy and teeming with life and interest and hopes and sometimes disappointments as your own familiar life in our dear home land.

THE MISAPPROPRIATION OF A DISHPAN AND A DISH TOWEL.

EDNA KELLERSBERGER.

PLEASE forget that my letter is printed. I hate printed letters myself, because they take away a certain close, personal feeling found in other letters, and this letter is truly personal and from the heart to you.

Just before I left America a doctor, a friend of my husband and a man whom I scarcely knew, said to me, "I want you to write to me. Will you promise to? I want you to tell me how you like it—tell me how a woman feels in Africa." And so, as I wrote the promised letter a few days ago, the thought came that maybe this was what the people at home, especially friends interested in us, really wanted to know. Is it? If so, I want to tell you what I told him, for as we are settled now in our own little home, I can give a true account.

Sometimes as we came nearer and nearer on the steamer to our chosen work in Africa, I was afraid that, as I met my first crowd of chattering, dirty, naked, or half-clad natives staring at us from the bank, I would have a sudden shock of repulsion, loneliness, and homesickness. It troubled me that such fears should come, because it was not the true missionary spirit. But I certainly had nothing to fear, because Africa, as we have it here, came so gradually that there was not the slightest shock. First came Dakar in French Senegal,

France's big winter resort, where there are many white people, and streets, and stores, and beautiful public buildings, and cozy officers' homes, and gorgeous flowers. Then there was Boma, the capital of the Belgian Congo, smaller but still picturesque, and next Matadi, 110 miles up from the mouth, not very large but very picturesque. We took the train here (still a little like home, you see), but such a funny, tiny train where our party—one a baby and one a seasick and carsick woman—and piles of hand luggage, were huddled together in a hot, dirty, uncomfortable heap. We were fairly neat, not having a baby like the Cranes or sickness like the Vinsons. Still there was our suitcase, handbag, typewriter, microscope, umbrella, steamer rugs, and lunch for all, because there are no chances to get anything along the way. But on the other hand there were hills, and cliffs, and gorges, and the beautiful Congo River. At first we were deeply absorbed in the new scenes about us, and besides we were perfectly well. It is one of my prides that in all our trip heavy storms, poor vessel, rough, narrow-gauge railway, etc., I was perfectly well. For some days, while our boat did not try to keep the course, but just drifted westward because of the heavy storm, I was the only woman who went to meals—

a foolish little boast, but as this was my first trip it must be forgiven me.

Kinshassa, at the other end of the railroad, is a rather interesting place with several streets and a number of stores. We took our much-loved mission boat, "the Lapsley," here, finding it, to our surprise pretty and comfortable, one of the best boats on the Congo. There are three cabins, captain's cabin, dining room, and a large upper deck—not counting the lower deck, where the natives work and sleep and pile wood from the shores every night for the next day's trip. It was in the evenings when we were anchored to the shore, when the evening insects on the bank and the rhythmic chopping of the men in the forest gave us a feeling of peace and wonder at God's great out of doors, that we would go ashore and meet our true Africans. While sometimes we would be in lowly places where there were no people—only forests or swamp-grass and an occasion crocodile or a deserted village, tumbled into ruins by elephants whose fresh tracks we could see in the mud. Other times we would stop at native towns with noisy, curious crowds. Still I did not feel the disgust or fear I had thought of. The only people at all repulsive were some of the women, who wore practically no clothes, some only a piece four or five inches square. But they made up for lack of clothing by beads, anklets, bracelets, and by painting their whole bodies red with a kind of powdered wood. Even their hair was a large, red, solid mass of dye, oil and cowry shells.

Luebo, our largest station of eighteen to twenty missionaries, was at the end of our beautiful 1,200 mile river trip, and there at last was my throng of natives on the bank that I had thought of so often. But they were natives that had been changed by contact with the mission band, and they were very happy over our arrival, and in front of them stood old friends calling me "Little Sis," and looking on, so glad we had come. Now we are settled in our own little home at our smaller station, with only one other couple (Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger), and their little baby girl, two months old. The people as a whole seem less changed than those at Luebo by contact with the gospel because the station is only four years old. Still a small, neat, chiefless Christian village has grown up right against our mission grounds—an unusually quiet and good people. Some striking features of the village are the straight streets with boxed palms, flowers, and a number of small gardens. But of course the mission has stimulated this. Then there are few "madilas" (wailings for the dead) here, although a few that are not Christians still cry that awful cry of despair.

More noticeable still is the quietness on our shimmering, glorious moonlight nights in which we can see miles away, and in which the hills and bluffs just opposite the mission across the Sankuru look wonderfully distinct and majestic. In our village we hear only the friendly talking of the grown folks as they sit outside in groups on their mats, and the merry voices of the children at play. But in the more distant villages on such nights and all night long we hear the beating of the drums and the monotonous chant of the people at their heathen dances—some of them very evil.

But I have not answered your question about how I like it here. Of course I like it—it is my lifework. In the first place, I have my husband, and a genuine companionship in views of life and of choice of work. When one is in the heart of Africa, and this Africa itself is a common choice, this companionship makes a bigger difference than it would at home—no, not bigger, only we have a greater opportunity to realize the pleasure of it. Then, too, I have my sunny, three-roomed house that is more comfortable than one might think, although two beds, an organ, and several chairs are the only American furniture. The rest is native made of wicker or of rough unpainted red and white wood. But pictures, curtains, sunshine and flowers give a very cheery touch—the latter, by the way, are easily grown—some of them blooming all the year. Unfortunately, our household goods, including victrola and surgical instruments, have never come. We have some things among them that would make our little home very nice. I like housekeeping, and there are plenty of boys to do things I haven't time for. Servants here are not like those at home, for they are only village people that come to us from a mud hut with a few mats, a water jar or two, and several earthen pots, knowing nothing of cleanliness or work. We have irritating, funny experiences with them at first. For example, my table boy was caught washing his feet, then face, then hands in my dishpan. My cook, without my knowing it, seems to have exchanged our kitchen table for the one used in the pharmacy for all kinds of work. Other missionaries have had stranger experiences than mine, such as meeting their boy at church dressed in a dish towel, or having him serve soup to guests in the hand-basin. But the boys are very teachable and delightfully good natured. They do love a joke, and such small things brighten their lives. I have had my table boy sing happily all over the yard, "Ndi ne disanka bualu bua mama wakumpa sabanga" (the term of address of all women is mama), which means that "I have gladness because mama has given

me soap." The gift was only one-fourth of a small bar. And I have seen little village boys dance as if they did not know how to express the greatness of their joy over the gift of a fish-hook.

Then there are the people. You may think they are repulsive because of their dirt and almost unbelievable ignorance and degradation. Still this degradation was our call. They need so greatly the light that though sinned against even in America, always follows the preaching of the gospel. And of course there is pleasure in doing a needed work. A few days ago Dr. Kellersberger and I went on a twenty-minutes' hammock trip to a large village near by to talk a little to the women and to show them pictures—they do love pictures. Dozens and dozens of noisy youngsters came running from everywhere to greet us, and not one was able to read or write, not one knew anything of our wonderful world except their own streetless village with its mud huts and grass roofs—or perhaps a State post near by. And worse still, not one knew the joy we had because of our belief in a Saviour who redeems and who makes life and eternity full of happy ambitions and meanings—I could not entirely keep back the tears.

There really is something lovable in their enthusiasm and eagerness to be cared for. It is a wonderful thing to be a Christian doctor here, trying to follow the example of the Great Physician, ministering to such great need. When I see my husband in his little grass shed clinic surrounded by ninety or a hundred patients, or when I go with him through the village to visit his sick folks, followed by a troop of chil-

dren, and see this deserted wife of a chief clap her thin old hands for joy because he is bringing relief from pain, or hear the cheery greeting of the people, or when this boy who has come from a distant village to be healed of an ugly, eating tropical ulcer, says, "Nganga Buka (witch doctor), I am not going home, I am going to stay and work for you," or, when the elders say, "If you (the mission) want to take our doctor to another station, we will send a petition signed by every one in the village asking them to let him stay, for we love and trust him; no, we can't do much if they do take him, but we can cry a whole lot." When I see such things, of course I am glad we are among simple, needy people. Just now the four or five little ten or twelve-year-old boys, looking at pictures on my front porch, looked up and said: "Mama, we want to be in Nganga Buka's class—his class of Sunday-school boys."

Although I have rambled considerably, I have tried to explain why I like it here, and hope we can spend our lives in this work. Again and again selfish impulses come to want this or that for ourselves, but together we pray to be delivered from our littlenesses and lose ourselves in our Lord's work, for this is one of the meanings of the words always proved true "that whosoever saveth his life shall lose it, and be who loseth his life for his sake shall find it indeed."

Please pray for this thing with us. So often the thought that you are praying strengthens me. And pray for me to get the language quickly. I do so long to come near to the people. Give my love to all.

MARCH 10th through MARCH 16th are RED LETTER DAYS

Mark them down on your calendar:

Begin preparing:

IT IS SURVEY WEEK:

Let us put Jack "Over the Top."

A WORD OF CHEER FROM EAST BRAZIL.

S. R. GAMMON.

THE Lord often grants us our blessings in connection with our discouragements and trials. This is seen in the history of the development of his work as well as in the experiences of our inner spiritual life.

The losses suffered in the reduction of our working force in the Lavras field late in 1916 and early in the present year were indeed disheartening; but in spite of these losses the Master has given us a year of large blessing.

The schools have been fuller than for many years, and the work has gone on with much comfort and success; and the future is bright with promise. The organization of our School Federation in December of last year promises great increase in the efficiency and value of the work in every part of the field, and we hope at no distant day to have a Federated University, composed of all the evangelical schools in Brazil of secondary and professional grade. In May Dr. Waddell, President of Mackenzie College, at Sao Paulo, under the care of the Northern Presbyterian Church, who is the Chancellor of our University Federation, visited our Lavras schools and gave us great encouragement. He made valuable suggestions as to the organization of the schools, and our next meeting of the Council of school workers that is to be held in December will doubtless go far toward the completing of our organization and the coordinating of all the schools in Brazil.

In the early part of September we had a valuable and greatly appreciated visit from Dr. W. E. Browning and the Rev. S. G. Inman, who represent as Educational and Executive Secretaries the International Committee on Co-operation that grew out of the Panama Congress. They spent two days with us and were kind enough to say that, from some points of view, we had the best educational plant and a work that offered the greatest possibilities of any mis-

sion work in Latin America. Conferences of Christian workers held in Sao Paulo and Rio while Messrs. Browning and Inman were in this part of Brazil asked the New York Committee on Co-operation to raise \$1,000,000 to carry out the Panama recommendation of a strong Protestant University for Brazil. All of these funds are to be used for founding and equipping schools of professional grade and for the enlargement and better equipment of the professional schools already existent. I believe Dr. Charles Dabney has undertaken to be foster-father to the University planned for Mexico. Will not some of the great leaders in educational enterprises in the States offer to stand god-father to our Brazilian institution?

The news from the evangelistic fields, too, is full of encouragement. Rev. Americo Menezes, at Bello Horizonte, is having large blessing; the field of Rev. Paschoal Pitta—a field that is about the size of one of our largest eastern presbyteries—is developing in a marvellous manner. It should have two or three men giving all of their time to its work, and it would in a very short while entirely support them all. Our Lavras pastor, Rev. George Goulart, has had a busy year that has borne much fruit.

The work of the Bom Sucesso field has been full of encouragement. Fifteen persons have been received into the church there on profession of faith; the work is developing rapidly in the town and in the country around; and the Presbytery, at its meeting in January, will doubtless order the organization of a church at that place.

It is a great joy and comfort to us to remember that the three young ministers mentioned above were all educated in the Lavras school. A goodly number of our boys are laboring fruitfully in other fields scattered over several States; and we are hoping to have one or two more of them in this Presbytery within the next year.

Lavras.

THE OLD QUESTION.

WHO is my neighbor? The answer is, every man who needs your help. He may live next door to you or he may live in China or Africa. He may be a man in distress, wounded and dying, or he may be a little child ready to imitate you in word or deed. Nay, he may be united in a nation, bleeding and perishing

through ungodly oppression and calling for strong people to come to his help. There are no boundaries to humanity. We cannot shut ourselves up and claim as brothers only those who are near and dear to us through relationship or friendship. God has made of one blood all nations of men, and the Golden Rule applies to govern-

ments as well as to individuals. Yet this very breadth of relationship through the Fatherhood of God gives a fascination to life. How splendid to see men or think of men everywhere, and know they are joined to us and that we are to help them and they are to help us! It makes life a big thing and friendship a world-wide power and service as much a part of our being as breathing or thinking. "I belong to the world," cries the man who has caught the vision; and instead of feeling himself bur-

dened by his vast relationship he is thrilled by it and inspired to noble action. I am so sorry for the man or woman who feels alone in the world. Why, there are thousands waiting for you, my friend, claiming the ties of brotherhood and needing your help—yes, and ready to help you in return. Just forget yourself for a moment and do something for somebody, and see how your sense of loneliness will vanish.

FLOYD TOMPKINS.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What beliefs of the Chinese would make them naturally Presbyterian?
2. What impression was made on Dr. Browning, by the Instituto Evangelico?
3. What co-operative work with other Presbyterians has begun in Mexico?
4. What great loss the Korean Mission has sustained?
5. What opportunity Mr. Ross has to preach the gospel in Mexico?
6. What reception the "Devil Doctor" has had in Nanking?
7. How heathen parents took advantage of a Christian son?

8. Did Miss Lacy find anything to do when she returned to China?
9. Of the pitiful plight of a girl in China, with a crazy husband?
10. Some interesting facts about the "Tiger of the Hill" and his brothers?
11. The main points brought out in a dedication sermon?
12. Why October 23 should be marked as "red letter" day in the history of modern missions?
13. What pay an old Christian boat-woman took for her grandson's death?
14. Some requests for special prayer?

SENIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

Topic: North Kiangsu.

Solo—What Has Thou Done for Me?
Prayer for the work of the N. Kiangsu Mission.
Devotional Service—A message of encouragement—Deut. 31:3-8.
Hymn—Onward, Christian Soldiers.
Minutes.
Roll Call—Answer with an item of missionary interest.
Business.
Offering.
Hymn—Selected.
Reading—Letter from Sutsien.
Quiz—Do You Know?
Topical—Monthly Topic.
Sutsien Home Mission Society.
Letter from Kiangyin.

Prayer for the needs brought out in the work, closing with the Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTIONS.

The roll call could be answered with items from the current issue of The Survey, from the Personals, and other articles, not used in the program.

Make the reading of the letter a very personal appeal.

As a special request for prayer is made in any article, let the leader note it, and at the close of the meeting present these needs that prayer may be made for them.

FOREIGN MISSION TOPICS FOR 1918.

JANUARY—Mid-China.
FEBRUARY—North China.
MARCH—Mexico.
APRIL—Africa.
MAY—General View of the Field.
JUNE—Industrial and Educational Missions.
JULY—Signs of the Times.
AUGUST—Medical Missions.
SEPTEMBER—Japan.
OCTOBER—Korea.
NOVEMBER—Brazil.
DECEMBER—Cuba.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS

Receipts applicable to regular appropriation:

December	1917	1916
Churches.....	\$ 22,484 41	\$ 22,560 20
Churches—Brazil.....		10 00
Sunday Schools.....	181 24	624 14
Sunday Schools—Brazil.....	5 00	715 54
Sunday Schools—Africa.....	749 21	
Societies.....	5,493 66	7,748 06
Societies—Brazil.....		68 55
Societies—Stixrud.....	124 75	549 40
Miscellaneous donations.....	4,803 33	3,349 38
Miscellaneous donations—Stixrud.....		30 00
Miscellaneous donations—Africa.....	1 25	
	\$ 33,842 85	\$ 35,655 27

Nine months, April 1, 1917, to December 31, 1917:

	1917	1916
Churches.....	\$185,979 99	\$173,291 02
Churches—Brazil.....		128 23
Churches—Japan.....		4 00
Churches—Africa.....	85 70	
Sunday Schools.....	5,979 04	5,538 45
Sunday Schools—Brazil.....	211 88	13,088 66
Sunday Schools—Japan.....	3 58	143 01
Sunday Schools—Africa.....	13,614 29	
Sunday Schools—Stixrud.....	5 00	
Societies.....	50,612 41	46,677 85
Societies—Japan.....		30 00
Societies—Brazil.....	5 00	226 68
Societies—Africa.....	263 88	
Societies—Stixrud.....	1,478 85	549 40
Miscellaneous donations.....	26,514 34	20,144 61
Miscellaneous donations—Brazil.....		19 11
Miscellaneous donations—Africa.....	54 75	30 00
Miscellaneous donations—Stixrud.....	121 64	
	\$284,030 35	\$259,871 02
Legacies.....	2,402 29	5,518 97
	\$287,332 64	\$265,389 99

Initial appropriation year ending March 31, 1918.....	\$520,370 22
Net additional appropriation to December 31, 1917.....	116,810 03
	\$637,180 25
Deficit March 31, 1917.....	73 425 92
Amount needed for this year (at this date).....	\$710,606 17
The amount received for objects outside the budget in the nine months is \$30,286.81.	

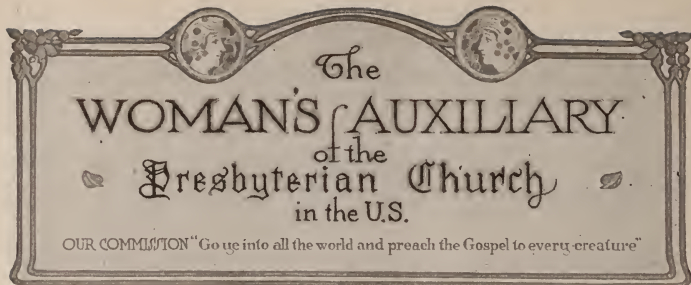
EDWIN F. WILLIS, Treasurer.

Nashville, Tenn., December 31, 1917.

HONOR ROLL CHURCHES.

JACK takes pleasure in announcing that the following churches have been added to the Honor Roll:

Gretna, Fla.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Blacksburg, S. C.
De Funiak Springs, Fla.



MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH, SUPT. AND EDITOR, CORNER PEACHTREE AND TENTH STREETS,
ATLANTA, GA.

"That in all things He might have the Pre-eminence."

Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges February 24, 1918

Never was there a time when the Christian education of our young people was more imperatively necessary than at present. Never a time when the Church should be so earnestly in prayer for the children in the schools and colleges of America.

Some day peace will come to the world—to a devastated, bloodstained, war-wrecked world! What a task of reconstruction will then confront these boys and girls of ours, as they face the task of rebuilding civilization! What kind of a world will they plan? One founded upon intellectual and material ability only—with no thought of the spiritual? Will history repeat itself, and "Kultur" again be enthroned? Merciful God, forbid!

Then let us *work* and *pray* as never before to have the principles of true education taught to our children—the development of the spiritual *first!*

May every woman in the Church observe February 24th as a day of special prayer for this end.

SUNDAY KNITTING.

THE Red Cross Sewing Unit of A—Presbyterian church had earned a most enviable reputation for speed and efficiency, weeks before the organization of the knitting unit. And, although the village of A— was a suburb of the thriving city of L—, and many of the neighbors did their "bit" at city headquarters, a flourishing surgical dressings unit was also busy in the community.

Mrs. Samuel Henderson, who was greatly beloved, and was fondly called "Aunt Mary" by half the neighborhood, had knit many outfits for the Navy League before she organized the local knitting unit for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Jonathan Edwards, an ambitious and zealous young matron came surging into Mrs. Henderson's quiet home one Monday afternoon, exclaiming:

"How are you, Aunt Mary? Here's a knitting bag I brought you from the city, where I've been for the week-end with Sarah Crewe. I initiated my own bag by taking it to church Sunday. It was amazing how many rows I knitted during the sermon, and heard every word, too."

"You didn't knit in church, and on the Sabbath day, Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson, too shocked to thank her friend for the pretty bag.

"I most assuredly did—lots of ladies did—Dr. Hall says he does not object if they will only sit back, and at the side, out of his range of vision."

"Why, Jane, I'm amazed! Does he think that is the proper way to worship—a way to keep the Sabbath holy?" she gasped.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, you know these are war times, and all things are fair in love and war. I feel exactly like I'd found a whole day—and it is better to knit on Sunday than to read novels, or gossip about one's neighbors."

"But, Jane, we have no right to do unnecessary work on God's day—we cannot properly worship unless we concentrate our attention upon the sermon," urged Mrs. Henderson, then she asked adroitly, "Did you knit while in the picture show?"

"Why, certainly not," replied Jane, "I'd miss some of the pictures if I did."

"Yes," sighed Aunt Mary, "and if you knit on Sunday you will miss some of the pictures God is helping the minister to paint for your uplift."

"Ah, Jane," she continued, "God has blessed our nation, but we must obey His commands if His blessings are to continue. Sabbath desecration is a growing evil in our land. If we are to come victoriously through this horrible war, we must feed upon His word, spend much time in prayer, and worship Him on His holy day."

"But, Aunt Mary," continued Jane, unwilling to abandon her new fad for knitting on Sunday. "lots of good people are both sewing and knitting for the soldiers on Sunday now."

"That may be true, Jane, but it is only another case of where the good is allowed to be the enemy of the best. It should be our joy to do all the war relief work we can, six days of each week; but the seventh



Mrs. W. H. Whitaker, Grenada, Miss., President of the Synodical Auxiliary of Mississippi. Mrs. Whitaker brings to her new position some years of experience as a Presbyterial President, as well as deep spirituality and the love and loyalty of her co-workers.

is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, and we are bidden to do no work that day."

"I'm afraid, Aunt Mary, that you are inclined to be narrow. Go to the city for a while and get a broad view."

"No, Jane, breadth sometimes causes shallowness. Won't you take time to look up two passages in Isaiah for me, to emphasize the commandment to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—Isa. 56:2 and Isa. 58:14. Read these, and then tell me honestly if you think our heavenly Father wants you to knit and sew, even for the soldiers, on His day. Thank you, dearie, for my pretty bag; but I'll never use it on Sunday!"

A. R. C.

PLANS.

"We plan, and plan—then pray
That God may bless our plan,
So runs our dark and doubtful way
That scarce shall lead unto the day—
So runs the life of man.

But, hearken! God saith, "Pray!"
And He will show His plan,
And lead us in His shining way
That leadeth on to perfect day—
Each God-surrendered man!"

HISTORY OF L— PRESBYTERIAL, 1914-1916.

TWO years and a half have elapsed since writing the first chapter of the History of L— Presbyterian Auxiliary—hardly long enough, one might think, for any real history to have been made; but these two and a half years have been so full of activity and steady advance that they mark a distinct period in our progress.

The Presbyterian has now become a reality. We have begun to visualize with a clear eye the sort of building we wish to erect, the needs to which it must minister, and the dimensions to which it must conform. The first period of our history covering fifteen years, represents the foundation laying period, years of slow and earnest effort, striking deep down to the solid rock. "For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

But what of the building to be erected thereon? Paul said, "But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stone, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward."

We are now at work on the superstructure. We must be certain that our material will endure and stand the test. Is not this building to be a wonderfully beautiful temple, squared and chiselled into perfect proportions, embellished with all that is lovely and true, and dedicated to the active and loyal service of God and our fellow-men?

It will take time, years and years, to complete this building. Sometimes the work will move quickly; sometimes very slowly, making alterations here, learning by experience there, changing plans as new needs create new demands.

During the past two and a half years we have been at work on the specifications, getting the superstructure well planned, and erecting some of the frame work. We have gradually become accustomed to the type of frame work prescribed, cumbersome and elaborate as it first appeared, and we have demonstrated to ourselves that it is necessary, and that it is workable. We know now just what sort of beams and girders the secretaries of causes are. But what a monstrous trouble it was to learn them! We made them too weak or else too bulky at first. Our building often threatened to be top-heavy, and the workers occasionally grew faint. But those societies who are using the secretaries, according to speci-

cations, find they fit in each to its proper place, and are most necessary and practical.

The year of 1915 was by no means an easy one. Each society representing a band of builders in this structure, most naturally had its own ideas, and unfortunately "was—is—and always shall be" was deeply ingrained into their method of procedure. We consider with admiration the bloodless revolutions which have taken place in China and Russia. Here, too, a bloodless revolution has taken place. For has it not been a complete upheaval to change the "Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Societies" that had lived so long and served such excellent purposes, so that they would embrace all phases of the Church's welfare? And the "Pastor's Aid Societies" that never did any missionary work, though they made comforts for the orphanages, relieved the poor in their midst, and ministered to the sick—why should they be mixed up with Christian education or Sunday-school work? And then probably they did not care to give to "Foreign Missions," because they knew nothing about them.

There may be a few such organizations in our midst to-day, but only a few, and those of us who are working the plan just as it has been given to us by the Woman's Auxiliary, realize that they have entered into a larger and fuller life and are rejoicing at the ever broadening fields of usefulness and service which are opened to them.

Many of the individuals who were at first bitterly opposed to the sweeping changes in organization are now most enthusiastic converts to the new plan. Others doubtless are like the English bishop who, when asked whether he approved of the methods of the Salvation Army, replied, "No, I can't say that I do; but, thank heaven, God Almighty does!" Surely they cannot help but see divine approval in the progress made during these few years, in *education, leadership, contributions and spiritual growth.*

At last with our standardized organization, with our secretaries of causes performing the same functions in each group of women, the splendidly prepared material from Assembly's offices and from our superintendent's, Mrs. Winsborough's, office, can be sent to the proper person, and used at the proper time. Many of our societies are now using the Year Book with its helps, which provides interesting and live material for study and profit. Since our re-organization a remarkable impulse has been given to mission study. * * *

But all this information would be of little value if it were only taken in and nothing

given out; if it did not develop leadership. Certainly a marked improvement in our Presbyterian has taken place in this respect. You have only to visit the Executive Committee to see the number of eager, earnest women who have ideas, for work and who are no longer timid about declaring them. The committee meetings are genuine conferences and the interchange of ideas is always stimulating. * * * Women who had sat dumb at missionary meetings, or who had shrunk from any active part in programs, have received training through the offices of secretaries of causes, and through mission study, so that their tongues are loosened and their interest aroused, and desire for service quickened.

In the old days when contributions were only made to Home and Foreign Missions and when the greatest confusion existed between Assembly's and local home causes, it was absolutely impossible to ascertain just what the contributions of the women were to benevolences. The full and complete report blanks which are now sent to every secretary annually, have specific headings of every kind of contribution, and hundreds of dollars are now properly reported which hitherto the women never dreamed of as part of their service. We have but to look over the financial reports of the last two and a half years to see what the zeal of the women has been for every cause of the Church, and this is but a part of their total gifts—for, since the institution of the duplex envelope system, and the Every Member Canvass in our congregations, much of the women's money goes through the regular church channels which otherwise would come to the local Auxiliary treasury.

Probably in the department of finance and in the division of funds, the Presbyterian has taken the greatest step forward. How to follow the proportion called for by General Assembly, which was apparently

100 per cent, yet keep sufficient for local causes, give something to Synodical schools and orphanage, remember the colored mission, the Jewish and union gospel missions, which didn't seem to appear anywhere at all in the list of regular church activities—was a puzzle which brought white hairs to many faithful treasurers. The problem was solved by our president and secretary meeting with a committee from Presbytery. By them was evolved a system of percentages and a clever manner of computing these percentages for any sum to be divided. The plan has been printed on cards and freely circulated among the societies in the Presbyterian. * * *

In the strong emphasis that has been put on the Quiet Hour in every session of our Presbyterian meetings; in the outlines of Bible study furnished by our superintendent, wonderful assistance has been given for quickening the spiritual life of the societies. Many have arrived already at the point where the devotional is one of the main features of the program, where Bible study and prayer are carefully planned, and where all present are invited to participate in circles of prayer. Not yet have the beacon heights of devotion been reached, nor the power of prayer even faintly realized; but have we not caught a clearer vision of the Christ, are we not pressing with greater earnestness "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ?"

* * * It is a pleasure to record the steps of progress as they develop. These two and a half years have indeed revealed the approval and blessing of God; but there are slackers in our midst, there are indifferent and selfish ones. If they had responded to the calls that have been so constantly given them what a mighty record this would have been!

A. L. E. HISTORIAN.

ATTRACTIVE HELPS FOR CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY BANDS.

NO task in the entire scope of missionary effort can be more important than that of presenting missionary facts so as to awaken in the mind and heart of the young child a lively, intelligent interest in missions, and then stimulate this awakened interest until a point is reached where missions will claim a positive place in its life work.

An intelligent study of this subject, suitably graded and arranged, may be given in beautiful form. Simple illustrations, through which the child gains clear impressions, greatly assist in putting the course of study in a form most interesting and suitable.

We are rapidly learning the great values of constructive material in illustrating abstract truths.

There are many fine devices for creating missionary impressions in a perfectly natural way. Curios from Home and Foreign Mission fields awaken interest and stir the imagination, for they furnish splendid illustration of the needs of children and of our opportunities in these lands. The stories of child-life which accompany them give a better understanding of the children of the world and rouse a sympathetic interest. They are planned to teach elemental missionary truths, and are true

to facts, having been written by our Christian workers who live among them.

The following is a partial list of program material not included in our regular programs, on account of the cost. Any Junior Auxiliary can give a missionary pageant or other entertainment and buy these supplies from the net proceeds:

1. American Indian Curio Box; 2. Missionary Object Lessons on Japan; 3. African Curio Box; 4. Immigration Picture Stories (five pictures 12x15 inches, and stories of each); 5. China Picture Stories (five pictures 12x15 inches, and stories); 6. African Picture Stories (six pictures 12x15 inches, and stories); 7. Congo Curio Packet; 8. "The Hope of the World," a picture that should be placed in every class room, for it represents Jesus Christ gathering into his arms the children of all races; 9. Mrs. Motte Martin's Blackboard Talks on Africa; 10. Missionary Chalk-Talks for Primary Classes; 11. Home Mission Picture Stories; 12. "Orient Picture Stories"; 13. "Building Blocks," used to illustrate some feature of each Bible story; 14. "Picture Sheet Series"—Child Life of the World, Africa, South America, How We Travel—to be placed on the wall or cut out and pasted in scrap books of each country; 15. "Japan Picture Cards"—twelve colored cards, with story of each on the reverse side of the card; 16. "South American Paper Dolls"—a set of six dolls dressed like the children of that country; 17. "A Bunch of Grapes" is a successful device for securing regular and punctual attendance. If the scholar is on time color a grape purple with crayola crayon, if tardy color it green, if absent use a cross mark. Fasten the bunches of grapes to a dark cloth and hang on the wall. A contest can be arranged, placing boys on one side and girls on the other. 18. "Chinese Rag Dolls," with story manual; 19. "Juvenile Missionary Libraries" can be purchased for \$5.00. Begin your "Cabinet Collection" at once and

ask the children to request the parents to add something; much can be found in curio and toy shops.

Through the Bible story missions should be made the central theme of the Scriptures. This story should be illustrated with masterpieces of religious art, which may be secured from the Perry Pictures Company, or Wilde's Bible Pictures. These pictures teach beautiful lessons, and the children will love them always.

If you have not organized your Primary and Junior children and wish to do so, a fine way to enlist them quickly and securely is to give a children missionary entertainment. Any of the following are excellent: 20. "A Missionary Musical Pageant"; 21. "The Song They Sung"; 22. "The Saving of O Sada San"; 23. "Just Plain Peter." The costumes for most of these plays can be rented, and the net receipts or free-will offerings will buy the year's program material for your society. Try some of these plans and you will soon see the effect in a new active interest in missions and a desire for definite plans for work; the more specific the plans the better it will please the children.

KATHERINE M. WEST,
Syn. Sec. Y. P. Work.

Uniontown, Ala.

NOTE.

Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 14, 15, 16, 19, 23—Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

6—Woman's Board of Missions, 503 Congregational House, Boston.

7, 9, 10, 22—The Woman's Auxiliary of Presbyterian Church, Peachtree and Tenth Sts., Atlanta, Ga.

11—Woman's Auxiliary Baptist Home Mission Society, 2969 Vernon Ave., Chicago.

12, 18—American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Boston, Mass.

13—Milton Bradley Co., 29 S. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

17—Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tenn.

20—Woman's Foreign Mission Society of Presbyterian Church, 501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We are indebted to Mrs. W. M. Charlton, president of the Synodical Auxiliary of Kentucky, for especial and valuable assistance in preparing this number of THE SURVEY.

MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH.



THE KNITTER.

"What do you do, Little Sister,
Murmuring there in the sun?"
"If you please, I am counting my stitches,
My new knitting is just begun."

"What do you knit, Little Sister?
A scarf for your shiny gold head?"
"Oh, no! let my hair go uncovered.
I knit for a lad instead."

"And who is the lad, Little Sister?
Your own lad by love and by right?"
"Oh, no, if you please, it is any dear lad.
Barefooted there in the fight."

"When I saw your bowed head, Little Sister,
Your moving hand on your knee,
I thought you were slipping along the
beads
In Our Father and Hail Marie."

"Oh, yes, if you please, I pray as I count,
And the stitches and prayers make the
sum.
Two is for England, four is for France,
And six is for Belgium.

"And all the great fellowship follows,
Woven in, row after row.
I pray as I knit and I knit as I pray,
Binding off with amen at the toe."
—Alice Brown, in *Onward*.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The organization of Children's and Girls' Missionary Societies has taken new vigor, and most excellent work is being done by our faithful secretaries of Young People. The new Manual and Constitution is ready for quick distribution (five cents at Auxiliary office). The Junior programs on Home and Foreign Missions have met with a most cordial reception, and a new edition will soon have to be printed. The Home Mission programs are fifteen cents each, with the helps for carrying them out.

The Foreign Mission programs are complete in themselves, and are ten cents each.

Mrs. J. E. West, the capable secretary of Young People for Alabama, has had great success in organizing the children of our colored churches into Children's Bands. In

September she organized a band in the colored church of Tuscaloosa with seven members. Since that time she has organized a band with thirty-five members in the colored church at Montgomery, and also one at Bessemer and one at Selma.

Miss Mamie McElwee, the well known and loved secretary of Young People for North Carolina, has a "Covenanter Band," to which she is greatly devoted, and evidently the affection is mutual. She writes under date of November:

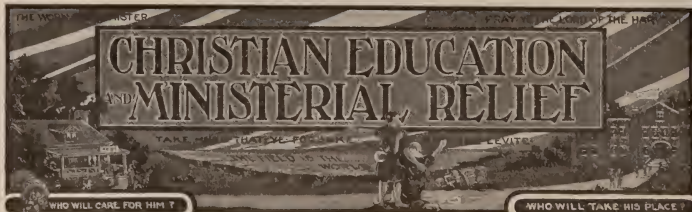
"Dr. Thacker is holding a meeting in our church this week, and we are hoping and praying for a rich spiritual blessing. I am deeply interested in my twenty-six Covenanter boys, some of whom are not members of the church. I am going to take them out in a wagon at 7:30 in the morning to pick cotton for their mite boxes. I am going to race with them. I am wondering how I am going to feel after a day spent with fifteen or twenty boys in a cotton patch."

This ability to join the boys in their varied interests is perhaps one of the reasons for Miss McElwee's great influence over them.

The many friends of Mrs. H. M. Sydenstricker, for six years president of the Synodical of Mississippi, will be glad to know that she is filling the important position of Bible teacher at Agnes Scott College. It is a matter of regret, however, that the acceptance of this new duty necessitated leaving Mississippi and giving up the Synodical presidency, which she has ably filled since the organization of the Synodical in 1912.

Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill, the well known mission study lecturer, writes as follows:

"My fall work has been so interesting. I have been near some of the great camps and have been speaking to the soldiers under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Last week was at Camp Funston, as I was giving a course of lectures near there. It has been a great experience to me. In spite of war conditions our mission study work is going on, attendance fully as good as last year."



Address All Communications Relating to
this Department to
REV. HENRY H. SWEETS, D. D., SECRETARY,
122 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, Ky.

Make All Remittances to
MR. JOHN STITES, TREASURER,
FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS, LOUISVILLE, Ky.

THE DAY OF PRAYER FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

FOR almost a hundred years, the Presbyterian Church has been setting aside a period of time to be observed as a "day of prayer for schools and colleges and the youth gathered within them."

This period has usually been set at the last of January or February. During this century, marvelous answers have been given to the united prayers of God's people. Great revivals of religion have broken out in the colleges, both small and great, in the United States, and throughout the world.

The following action was taken by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States at Birmingham, May, 1917: "That the Assembly set apart the last Sunday of February, 1918, and the week preceding it as the day and week of prayer for schools and colleges and youth gathered in them and that our pastors and people be requested faithfully to observe them."

February 24th is to be observed as the day of prayer throughout the Church by the Woman's Auxiliary. Never before, in the history of the world, has the fundamental importance of education received

greater emphasis. The efficiency of the German army and the lack of moral qualities in the diplomacy of that nation are traceable directly to the magnifying of technical training and the minimizing of vital Christian elements in the education of the youth.

Many of our colleges have given us scores of their choicest students to the ranks of the army and navy. Those who remain have become more serious in their thought, and more earnest in their purpose. Why should it be a thing incredible that God should visit these centers of intellectual activity with seasons of great refreshing, from His presence on high?

We earnestly call upon parents and pastors, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, officers of societies, and members of our entire Church, to unite in the observance of this season, and to pray continually, importunately, and believingly.

Remember the day, February 24, 1918. Do not forget the week, February 18th-24th. Do not fail to observe the day appointed for the Woman's Auxiliary.

GOD'S CHALLENGE TO THE THINKERS OF AMERICA.

AMERICA follows the gleam. "In the world conflict of ideas, with the deathless of liberty and democracy contending for their freedom in the fierce struggle now waging in Europe, it was inevitable that America, too, should be involved and should follow the gleam. And when the conflict of ideas could find no issue except through the world's bloody conflict of brute forces, it was inevitable that in the end the United States should find its place, its

only true and worthy place, lined up with Canada and with the Canadian armies, in resolute and unfaltering defense of North America's democracy in the blood-drenched No Man's Land of war-stricken Europe.

No matter what George Washington said or thought a century and a half ago, the Americans of to-day, if they would be true to the spirit and the ideal of the Father of their country, had no choice left in April, 1917. The old cry of entangling alliances

had no meaning and no power, as a reason for neutrality or as an excuse for keeping out of the war, when the liberties of the world were in peril and when democracy in Europe was bleeding at every pore. It may be that to have declared war against Germany in 1914 would have been treason to the old-time policy of Washington, but still to have held in friendly grasp the hand of Prussian autocracy through 1917 would have been, for the heirs of Washington, treason against humanity. In Canada's name, I thank God to-day for the world-enfranchisement of the United States.

AN INTERNATIONALIZED WORLD.

Liberty! Democracy! Internationalism! Already while the conflict is still on, and out of the wild and deafening clangour of war, a great new idea is emerging in the world's mind and finding voice among the nations. It is the pregnant idea of an internationalized world.

In the world of yesterday the great word, often spoken in the hard tone of defiance, was "Nationalism." The far greater word of the world of to-morrow will be "Internationalism." Yesterday the emerging people of the new-born democracies asserted themselves in what they lustily called their "Independence." To-morrow, when the horizons of life have been immeasurably widened, and when the meaning of life has been incalculably enriched, the dominant idea of the world will be broadened into "Inter-dependence." Already the leaders of world opinion, at all the battle fronts of the world's mind, have learned the truth of the Christ dictum in the realm of world politics, that no nation can live to itself or can die to itself alone.

And an internationalized world will be the outcome and the product of the world conflict of ideas. It must first exist in the thought of the world's thinkers, and in minds and hearts and consciences of the teachers and students in the schools and colleges and universities of the civilized world.

This is America's most urgent call, most commanding appeal, and most compelling enlistment. And in this world service of the mind North America knows no dividing line. Every school in the United States that puts a premium on high thinking, that makes truth its supreme objective, and character its greatest achievement, and that holds honor above success, and sends out into the activities of the republic men who cannot be bought and who will not lie—that school serves Canada as surely and as loyally as it serves the State in which it stands.

Every college and every university in which manhood is prized more highly than

money, in which personality is gloried in rather than endowments, from which leadership goes out into the life-centers of the nation and returns not again until it touches the life-currents of the world—that college cannot be shut in by any geographical lines, or confined by the range of any national flag, or restricted by the theological creeds of any Church. All leaders of thought, all teachers of truth, all masters of ideas belong to all the world. Every man's fatherland is to the student a native country; and every foreign country is to the scholar a fatherland.

THE PREPARED MIND.

Preparedness? Yes. If North America is to play her true part, her promised part, in the gigantic conflict of ideas, which will disturb and menace the world long after the present war of brute forces has spent itself, it is high time all the institutions of learning in these two American nations made ready for that inevitable struggle.

But the preparedness for which I plead on this occasion and in this place is the preparedness of the American mind, the preparedness of the American conscience, the preparedness of the American will.

Better, infinitely better, to go unprepared into the war at the battle fronts of Europe, as Britain crossed the channel unprepared in 1914, and lined up her little standing army of 150,000 trained and disciplined veterans on the fields of France against Germany's proud product of forty years—better, gloriously and triumphantly better to have done that in 1914, and to have saved Paris, even at its unreckonable cost, from the heel of the slaughtering Hun, than for America, with its universities of culture and its schools of religion, to line up in the world conflicts of ideas in 1917 and in the sterner days yet to come, with an undisciplined national mind, a seared national conscience, and with an irresolute national will.

The national mind! The national conscience! The national will! These are the Verdun battlements of America's life. Surrender them to the enemies of truth and honor and freedom, and, no matter what happens to your battalions and your battleships, your nation will have lost its soul.

My most earnest pleading, therefore, with you, with all citizens of the United States and of Canada, is for the preparedness of all our peoples in the things of the mind. The army? Yes. The navy? Yes. Fill up the ranks of the khaki and the blue. But when our bullets and our bayonets have done their fullest part, there will still be a call for leadership in schools and churches and parliaments of the world. The desolated war nations will call, as never

before, for policies and programs that make for truth in our diplomacy and for integrity in our politics. From you and from class rooms like yours must go out that leadership of social good-will and that law of international service, in which alone is the hope of Europe's redemption, and through which alone can come enduring peace for the world.

In the world conflict of ideas of college class rooms are our strategic heights. Hold them to-day, and the hinterland of the Vimy Ridge of truth will be yours to-morrow."

A quotation from "The North American Idea," by James A. MacDonald, Editor of the Toronto Globe. Copyright Fleming H. Revell Company.

INVESTING FOR A PROFIT.

PRESIDENT WILSON in his refreshing little booklet, entitled "When a Man Comes to Himself," tells an interesting story of a merchant prince who came to see that donations to strong, permanent colleges were not gifts at all, but were most productive investments. Here is the story in the president's own language:

"It was this fascination that had got hold upon the faculties of the man whom the world was afterward to know, not as a prince among merchants—for the world forgets merchant princes—but as a prince among the benefactors; for beneficence breeds gratitude, gratitude admiration, admiration fame, and the world remembers its benefactors. Business, and business alone, interested him, or seemed to him worth while. The first time he was asked to subscribe money for a benevolent object he declined. Why should he subscribe? What affair would be set forward, what increase of efficiency would the money buy, what return would it bring in? Was good money to be simply given away, like water poured on a barren soil, to be sucked up and yield nothing? It was not until men who understood benevolence on its sensible, systematic, practical and really helpful side, explained it to him as an investment that his mind took hold of it and turned to it for satisfaction. He began to see that education

was a thing of infinite usury; that money devoted to it would yield a singular increase to which there was no calculable end, an increase in perpetuity—increase of knowledge, and, therefore, of intelligence and efficiency, touching generation after generation with new impulses, adding to the sum total of the world's fitness for affairs—an invisible but intensely really spiritual usury beyond reckoning, because compounded in an unknown ratio from age to age. Henceforward beneficence was as interesting to him as business—was, indeed, a sort of sublimated business, in which money moved new forces in a commerce which no man could bind or limit.

"He had come to himself—to the full realization of his powers, the true and clear perception of what it was his mind demanded for its satisfaction. His faculties were consciously stretched to their right measure, were at least exercised at their best. He felt the keen zest, not of success merely, but also of honor, and was raised to a sort of majesty among his fellow-men, who attended him in death like a dead sovereign. He had died dwarfed had he not broken the bonds of mere money-getting; would never have known himself had he not learned how to spend it; and ambition itself could not have showed him a straighter road to fame."

THE PIONEER SPIRIT.

COLLEGE training brings with it responsibility and reward. The responsibility is that of leadership—the kind of leadership which comes to the man of advanced knowledge and unusual advantages, who sees the needs of his time and does not flinch from the hardest kind of sacrifice in view of those needs. The reward is not always apparent to the world, but it is more than sufficient for the worker. Indeed, the American undergraduate is becoming more and more aware that his pay is not his reward. He is learning that the

world is not keen to pay the cost of new ideas or to reward professional leadership with material values. Furthermore, his half paid service does not tell the whole story of his sacrifice. His work is often lost in the successes of some other man who follows him. But the college-trained man who has weighed well these needs, and has deliberately chosen, is not to be pitied. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anyone is more to be envied. He is under the impulsion of an inner sense of mission. The college has given him faith in himself and

his mission. Many a graduate, going out from American halls of learning, feels somewhat as Carlyle felt when he said: "I have a book in me; it must come out," or as Disraeli intimated in his answer when he was hissed down in the House of Commons, "You will not hear me now, but there will come a time when you will hear me."

The undergraduate, spending laborious days upon the invention which shall make industrial progress possible in lands his eyes will never see, is carried along by an impulse that is not easily expressed. He realizes the feeling that Robert Louis Stevenson expressed when he said about his writing that he felt like thanking God that he had a chance to earn his bread upon such joyful terms. He has deliberately turned his back upon certain temporalities in order to face the sunrise of some new idea for social betterment or national progress. He has heard the gods calling him to some far-reaching profession that is more than a position. There is stirring in him always the sense of message. He has caught the clear, captivating voice of a unique life-work. It urges him on to the occupation of his new land of dreams. Is this leader

worried because some one misunderstands him? Does he envy the man who, following another ideal, sweeps by in an automobile which perhaps his own particular genius has made possible? The pioneer of letters who has known the sweetness and light of literary satisfaction, the fine frenzy of that creative, imaginative activity in which ideas are caught and crystallized in words, does not despair when his earthly rewards seem to linger.

The college, then, is a means only to the larger life of spirit and service. It exists to point out the goal the attainment of which lies inherent in the student. The college is like the tugboat that pulls the ship from the harbor to the clear water of the free, open sea. The curriculum, the play-life, the laboratory, the patriotism of the college spirit, the buildings, and the men, are only torches gleaming through the morning shadows of the student's coming day.

The above paragraphs are taken from that refreshing book, "Why Go to College," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, and published by the Century Company, New York.

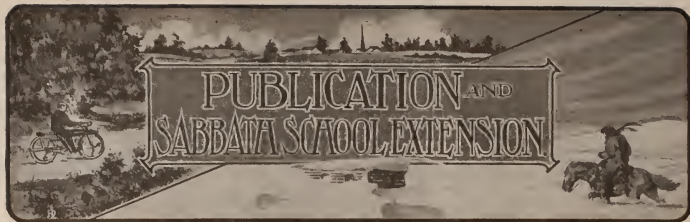
SURVEY WEEK

...IS...

March 10th through March 16th

It is not too early to begin planning
our campaign

A suggestion comes from Gretna, Florida, that they canvassed their congregation, a widely scattered country one, by the way, by getting out their Ford and trying the Every-Member Plan. You will note that they are on the Honor Roll this month.



Branch Department at
Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.

PUBLISHING HOUSE,
6-8 North Sixth Street, RICHMOND, VA

THINGS ACCOMPLISHED.

R. E. MAGILL, *Secretary.*

STATISTICS are uninteresting to the average reader, and as a medium of revealing religious advance they are unsatisfying, but certain phases of the progress of the kingdom cannot well be presented without the use of figures.

The wonderful advance made by the Sunday-school work of our Church since the establishment of a department of Sunday-school Extension in 1902, just fifteen years ago, will be seen by a glance at the statistics below:

Sunday-schools reported in 1902	2,170	
Sunday-schools reported in 1917	3,380	
Gain in number of schools		1,210
Sunday-school Enrollment in 1902	170,266	
Sunday-school Enrollment 1917	332,420	
Gain in enrollment		162,154
Additions to Church from Schools in 1902	5,034	
Additions to Church from Schools in 1917	11,268	
Gain in additions		6,234
Benevolent offerings of Sunday-schools in 1902	\$26,166.00	
Benevolent offerings of Sunday-schools in 1917	180,090.00	
Gain in benevolent offerings		\$153,924.00
Current expenses of Sunday-schools in 1902	\$ 70,242.00	
Current expenses of Sunday-schools in 1917	181,184.00	
Gain in current expenses		\$111,942.00

During these fifteen years a force of field workers, or Sunday-school missionaries, varying in number according to the funds provided by the Church, has reached as best they could the spiritually destitute and neglected children and young people of the South.

The fruitfulness of the work of these field workers is shown by the fact that they have organized 647 new Sunday schools and reorganized more than 150 schools during the fifteen year period. Out of these schools have grown over one hundred and twenty churches, which promise in time to take their place as vigorous promoters of all the enterprises of the kingdom.

Through summer heat and winter snows, over muddy roads and mountain trails, by train, trolley, auto, wagon, on horseback and on foot, these tireless workers have gone into remote mountain coves, mining camps, frontier towns, rural districts, mill centers, city slums and suburbs, everywhere, in fact, that neglected children are to be found, and with tact and patience, they have gathered the little ones into mission Sabbath schools and so began the process of shaping plastic souls into the likeness of him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

The itineraries of the missionaries have taken them into thousands of homes where the visit of a Christian worker is a rare event, and where printed messages of vital truth have been left to supplement and continue the influence of the personal visit. While there are communities where the adults are indifferent to the appeal of the gospel, there yet remains to be found a

parent or a district in which there is not a grateful response to an effort to help the children to a higher plane of living than their parents have enjoyed. Here, then, is both the opportunity and the imperative duty of the Church, and if we would insure the safety of the Church and State of to-morrow we must save the children to-day. The Publication Committee is making this work its supreme task, but the pitiful sum of \$48,000.00 is all the

Assembly asks our people to invest in the religious welfare of the millions of young people of the South into whose hands must fall within a few years the destiny of both Church and State.

If the Church will contribute as generously in March as the Sunday-schools did on Raly Day in October, we shall "go over the top" of the goal fixed for us by the General Assembly.

LET US HELP HIM CLIMB.

Laura E. Armitage.

SWINGING his body as he whistled, Jimmy Sampson climbed up the mountain. Such a healthy looking youngster he was. Not more than eleven, but manly for all that. His eyes were laughing and every once in a while, just for the sheer joy in living, he would give a stone a spin with his toe. Queer looking shoes he wore. High-heeled they had once been, seemingly made to grace city sidewalks on dainty women's feet. One won-

dows, perched on the side of a hill. Icicles melting, dripped a puddle around such foundation as there was.

"What for?" I queried, swinging into step, or trying to.

"Goin' ter get Lize and Milly and all. We're most late."

He sung out "Tom" as we reached the door, and as it was pushed open, children in all sorts of clothing piled out, ranging from a wee bit of a "Milly" to a boy of sixteen. How they all got into the one-roomed shanty would have been a mystery to me if I had not known mountain families. They just do, some way or other, that is still the only answer that I can put into words. But I have seen the knowledge of the life of Jesus Christ and the ambition to follow that life come to them and change this, so I realized that this family were on the way to the solution of the problem, and "Milly" at least, if not the others, would know better things.

I did not go into the ill-kept shack, but watched the happy, sturdy youngsters jostle each other across the hill. Standing at my side was the mother, a tall, gaunt woman, with keen eyes. An old man, withered and bent, came to the doorway. He was the "grandpap" of the family.

Soon I would follow with the woman to the meeting-house where the children had gone to Sunday-school. The grandfather had never been, and probably never would. The father was away somewhere; the Sabbath meant nothing to him. But the mother had heard His message, and was praying that her oldest boy would study to be a minister of the gospel, and returning, teach the mountain people, so that future generations could not say, as could the grandfather, the father and herself, and many others, "I did not know that Jesus said 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'"



They came piling out in all sorts of clothing.

dered how they had roamed so far from their native element, and at the same instant thought of a missionary box. They had come out of one, and Jimmy was fortunate to become their owner, for they were better than nothing, and many of the mountain children, cold January as it was, were wearing rags tied around their feet.

"Where're you going, Sonny?" I asked, although I knew his ultimate destination, noting the book under his arm.

"Up thar," he pointed, without stopping.

"Up thar" was a shack without win-

In that meeting-house on that mountain there are many young lives unfolding. If the work is continued they will blossom into useful men and women; if it is forced to close, the light-hearted laughs and innocent eyes will be nurtured by evil and ignorance, becoming rankest weeds.

How far away from us they are in actual distance. Then why does our conscience keep repeating, "It is our responsibility"? Because we know that it is to us that Christ has said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

If these people are to have Sunday-schools and literature it is for us to send them. The best opportunity is through the March collection for Sunday-School Extension and Publication.

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,"

were the words greeting our ears at that meeting-house that Sunday morning. They were meant for you and me. Let us answer this call by sending a check to R. E. Magill, Secretary, Box 1176, Richmond, Va

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE whole Church is interested in the Assembly's Training School for Lay Workers, because it is a Church institution and because it is training workers for efficient service in the home and foreign fields.

It is owned and controlled outright by the General Assembly and is the only institution within our bounds which enjoys this distinction. The General Assembly organized it in 1913 through a Committee composed of representatives of the four Executive Committees. Its

Board of Managers is elected annually by the Assembly. Through a provision in its charter, every dollar's worth of property it now possesses or may hereafter acquire belongs to the Assembly and is held for the purpose of giving a thorough training to young men and women who would fit themselves for Christian service.

Though handicapped by lack of adequate buildings and a liberal support fund, it has performed a great service for the Church and has already sent into home and foreign fields some twenty workers who are demonstrating the value of the school to the Church.

Through the efforts of the late Dr. A. L. Phillips, and through whose far-sighted vision the school was born, the Presbyterian League of Richmond supported the school for three years without cost to the Assembly.

The General Assembly of 1917 recognized the importance of continuing the school and putting it on a permanent basis, so

commended it to the liberality of the Church and authorized the Board of Managers to solicit funds for its support. Many Women's Societies, ten churches and several individuals have responded generously to appeals for funds, but \$1,200 additional is needed to enable it to complete the school year (June 1, 1918) free from debt.

The future growth of our Church depends very largely upon securing adequately trained leaders, therefore this institution has a peculiar claim upon every member of the Presbyterian Church, and should be supported by the Church at large. Plans are being formulated by the Board of Managers and the four Executive Committees to secure for the school a place upon the Church calendar of benevolences, and to have it given a place in the benevolent budget of every well-organized church.

Every church should place this school in its budget for the coming year and provide a fixed sum for its support when the every-member canvass is made in March.

The school should also have a place in the budget of every woman's society, for it is the only institution the Church has which offers a thorough course of training for young women. It will require about \$7,000 to pay its current expenses for the next school year 1918-19, and this will provide for doubling the present student body. This will be a very light investment on the part of the Church, from which it will reap a maximum benefit. The faculty which is unexcelled in any similar institution in America are giving their services, for the most part, without cost and the curriculum is eminently practical. Ample provision should be made for the development and enlargement of this important and growing institution, which in the language of Dr. W. W. Moore, President of Union Seminary, "if adequately supported, will become one of the most fruitful of all our Christian agencies throughout the future."



Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

- AFRICA-CONGO MISSION AFRICA. [49]**
- Bulape, 1897.**
Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn
Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland
Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Wharton
- Luebo, 1891.**
Rev. W. M. Morrison
Rev. and Mrs. Motte Martin
Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge
Rev. and *Mrs. A. L. Edmington (c)
- *Miss Maria Fearing (c)
Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane
Mr. T. J. Arnold, Jr.
Miss Elda M. Fair
Mr. W. L. Hillhouse
Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Vinson
*Rev. S. H. Wilds
Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud
Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon
†Mr. and Mrs. T. Daumery
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen
Mr. E. M. Schlotter
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall
Miss Mary E. Kirkland
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Longenecker
Mrs. S. N. Edgeward
†Rev. S. N. Edgeward
- Mutoto, 1912.**
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. McKee
*Rev. A. A. Rochester (c)
Rev. and Mrs. Plumer Smith
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. King
- Lusambo, 1913.**
*Rev. and Mrs. J. McC. Sieg
Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger
Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellersberger
E. BRAZIL MISSION. [17]
- Lavras, 1893.**
Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Gammon
Miss Charlotte Kemper
*Rev. H. S. Allyn, M. D.
*Mrs. H. S. Allyn
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Knight
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hunnicutt
*Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Baker
†Rev. A. S. Maxwell
Miss Genevieve Marchant
- Plumby, 1896.**
Mrs. Kate B. Cowan
- Bom Successo.**
Th. See
Miss Ruth
Mrs. D. G. Armstrong
*Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso, 1917.
Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin
- W. BRAZIL MISSION. [8]
- Ytu, 1909.**
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. P. Smith
- Braganca, 1907.**
Rev. and Mrs. Gaston Boyle
- Campinas, 1860.**
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Smith
- Itapetininga, 1912.**
Rev. and Mrs. Alva Hardie
- N. BRAZIL MISSION [13]
- Garanhuns, 1895.**
Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Henderlite
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson
Miss Eliza M. Reed
- Pernambuco, 1873.**
Miss Margaret Douglas
*Miss Edmonia R. Martin
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Porter
Miss Leora James
Miss R. Caroline
Canothinho.
Dr. G. W. Butler
Mrs. G. W. Butler
- MID CHINA MISSION. [74]
- Tungkiang, 1904.**
Hangchow, 1867.
Mrs. J. L. Stuart, Sr.
Miss E. B. French
Miss Emma Boardman
Rev. and Mrs. Warren H. Stuart
Miss Annie R. V. Wilson
Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McMullen
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson
Miss Rebecca E. Wilson
Rev. G. W. Painter, Pulaski, Va.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Blain
Miss Nettie McMullen
Miss Sophie P. Graham
Miss Frances Stribling
- Shanghai.**
Rev. and Mrs. S. I. Woodbridge
Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell
- Kashing, 1895.**
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson
*Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable
Miss Elizabeth Talbot
*Rev. and Mrs. Lowry Davis
*Miss Irene Hawkins
Miss Elizabeth Corriher
Miss Florence Nickles
*Miss Mildred Watkins
*Miss Sade A. Nisbet
*Mr. S. C. Farrior
Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawford
Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Hopkins
Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis
Miss R. Elinore Lynch
Miss Kittie McMullen
- Kiangyiu, 1895.**
Rev. and Mrs. L. I. Moffett
Rev. Lucy L. Little
Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Worth
*Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allison
Miss Rida Jourolman
Mrs. Anna McG. Sykes
Miss Ida M. Albaugh
Miss Carrie L. Moffett
Miss Venie J. Lee, M. D.
Miss Anna M. Sykes
- Nanking.**
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Shields (Tsin-anfu)
Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Price
- Soochow, 1872.**
*Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson
Miss Addie M. Sloan
Miss Gertrude Sloan
Mrs. M. P. McCormick
Rev. and Mrs. P. C. DuBose
*Mrs. R. A. Haden
Miss Irene McCaln
Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Young
Mrs. Nancy Smith Farmer
Rev. Henry L. Reaves
Miss Lois Young
*Rev. and Mrs. H. Maxey Smith
- N. KIANGSU MISSION. [75]
- Chinkiang, 1883.**
Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Sydenstricker
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Paxton
Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Richardson
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw
- Taichow, 1908.**
Rev. T. L. Harnsberger
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. Price
Rev. Chas. Ghiselin, Jr.
- Hsuehoufu, 1897.**
Mrs. Mark B. Grier, M. D.
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFadyen
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. P. Stevens
*Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. O. V. Armstrong
Rev. Lewis H. Lancaster
Miss Eliza A. Neville
- Hvalanfu, 1904.**
Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Woods
Miss Josephine Woods
Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Yates
Miss Lillian C. Wells
Miss Lilly Woods
- Yencheng, 1909.**
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. White
*Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Hancock
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hewett
Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Smith
- Sutsien, 1893.**
*Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bradley
Rev. E. C. Patterson
Mrs. E. C. Patterson, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McLaughlin
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Junkin
Mr. H. W. McCutchan
Miss Mada McCutchan
Miss M. M. Johnston
Miss B. McRobert
Miss Carrie Knox Williams
- Tsing-kiang-pu, 1897.**
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Graham, Jr.
*Dr. and Mrs. James B. Woods
Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Talbot
Miss Jessie D. Hall
Miss Sallie M. Lacy
*Miss Nellie Sprunt
Miss Agnes Woods
Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell
Rev. and Mrs. H. Kerr Taylor
- Tonghai, 1908.**
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vinson
L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Mrs. L. S. Morgan, M. D.
Rev. and Mrs. Thos. B. Grafton
Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Rice
- CUBA MISSION. [8]
- Cardenas, 1899.**
Miss M. E. Craig
Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Wharton
Miss Margaret M. Davis
- Calbarien, 1891.**
Miss Mary I. Alexander
†Miss Janie Evans Patterson
†Rev. H. B. Sowellian
- Piacetas, 1909.**
None.
- Camaquanal, 1910.**
Miss Edith McC. Houston
†Rev. and Mrs. Ezequiel D. Torres
Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Hall
- Sagua, 1914.**
*Rev. and Mrs. Juan Orts y Gonzales
Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Shelby
- JAPAN MISSION. [40]
- Kobe, 1890.**
Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Fulton
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Myers
Rev. and Mrs. W. McS. Buchanan
- Kochi, 1885.**
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. McIlwaine
Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Munroe
*Miss Estelle Lumpkin
Miss Annie H. Dowd
- Nagoya, 1867.**
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan
*Miss Lella C. Kirtland
Rev. and Mrs. R. E. McAlpine
Miss Elizabeth O. Buchanan
Rev. and Mrs. L. C. McCan Smythe
- Susaki, 1898.**
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Moore
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Brady

Takamatsu, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Erickson Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Hassell Miss M. J. Atkinson	Miss Lavalette Dupuy Rev. and *Mrs. W. B. Harrison	Matamoros, 1874. Miss Alice J. McClelland San Angel, D. F. Mexico
Tokushima, 1889. Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan *Miss Lillian W. Curd Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ostrom	Kwangju, 1898. *Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Bell Rev. S. K. Dodson Miss Mary Dodson Mrs. C. C. Owen *Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Hill Miss Ella Graham Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson *Miss Anna McQueen *Rev. and Mrs. J. V. N. Talmage	San Benito, Texas. Miss Anne E. Dysart
Toyohashi, 1902. *Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Cummings	Okazaki, 1912. Miss Florence Patton Miss Anna V. Patton Rev. and Mrs. C. Darby Fulton	Brownsville, Texas. *Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Ross
CHOSEN MISSION. [77] Chunju, 1896. Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tate Miss Mattie S. Tate *Rev. and Mrs. L. O. McCutchen Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds Miss Susanna A. Colton Rev. S. D. Winn Miss Emily Winn *Miss E. E. Kestler *Miss Lillian Austin Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Eversole Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Robertson Miss Sadie Buckland	Mokpo, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie *Miss Julia Martin Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet Miss Ada McMurphy Miss Lillie O. Lathrop Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Crane	Montemorelos, 1884. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow
Kunsan, 1896. Rev. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bull Miss Julia Dysart *Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Venable *Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Patterson Rev. John McEachern Mr. Wm. A. Linton Miss Elise J. Shepping	Soonchun, 1913 Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Preston Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Colt Miss Meta L. Biggar Miss Anna L. Greer *Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Timmons Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crane Dr. and Mrs. J. McL. Rogers	C. Victoria, 1880. Miss E. V. Lee
	MEXICO MISSION. [11] Linares, 1887. Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross	RETIRED LIST
		Cuba
		Miss Janet H. Houston
		Japan
		Miss C. E. Stirling
		Korea
		Dr. W. H. Forsythe Miss Jean Forsythe Missions, 10. Occupied Stations, 53 Missionaries, 374 Associate Workers, 11 *On furlough, or in United States. Dates opposite names of stations indicate year stations were opened. †Associate workers. For postoffice address, etc., see page below.

Stations, Postoffice Addresses.

AFRICA—For Bulape, Luebo, Mutoto.—Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp. care A. F. C. Mission, par Kinshasa. For Lusambo—Lusambo, Sankuru District, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kinshasa.

E. BRAZIL—For Lavras—"Lavras, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." Bom Sucesso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil. For Plumby—"Plumby, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." For Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso—"Sao Sebastiao de Paraíso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

W. BRAZIL—For Campinas—"Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." Itapetitinga, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil. For Descalvado—"Descalvado Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Braganca—"Braganca, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Paulo—"Estado de Sao Paulo Brazil." For Itu—"Itu, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil."

N. BRAZIL—For Canhotinho—"Canhotinho, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Garanhuns—"Garanhuns, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Natal Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil." For Pernambuco—"Recife, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil."

CHINA—Mid-China Mission—For Tunghlang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tunghlang, via Shanghai, China." For Hangchow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hangchow, China." For Shanghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Shanghai, China." For Kashing—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Kashing via Shanghai, China." For Kiangyin—"Kiangyin via Shanghai, China." For Nanking—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Nanking, China." For Soochow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Soochow, China." North Kiangsu Mission—For Chinkiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Chinkiang, China." For Taichow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Taichow, via Chinkiang, China." For Hsichou-fu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hsichou-fu, Ku, China." For Hwaianfu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hwaianfu—via Chinkiang, China. For Sutsien—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Sutsien, via Chinkiang, China." For Tsing-Kiang-Pu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tsing-Kiang-Pu, via Chinkiang, China." For Tonghal—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tonghal, via Chinkiang, China." For Yencheng—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Yencheng, Kiangsu, China."

CUBA—For Cardenas—"Cardenas, Cuba." For Caibarien—"Caibarien, Cuba." For Camajuani—"Camajuani, Cuba." For Piacetas—"Piacetas, Cuba." For Sagua—"la Grande, Cuba."

JAPAN—For Kobe—"Kobe, Setzu Province, Japan." For Kochi—"Kochi, Tosa Province, Japan." For Nagoya—"Nagoya, Owari Province, Japan." For Susaki—"Susaki, Tosa Province, Japan." For Takamatsu—"Takamatsu, Sanuki Province, Japan." For Tokushima—"Tokushima, Awa Province, Japan." For Toyohashi—"Toyohashi, Mikawa Province, Japan." Okazaki—"Okazaki, Mikawa Province, Japan."

CHOSEN—For Chunju—"Chungju, Chosen, Asia." For Kunsan—"Kunsan, Chosen, Asia." For Kwangju—"Kwangju, Chosen, Asia." For Mokpo—"Mokpo, Chosen, Asia." For Seoul—"Seoul, Chosen, Asia." For Soonchun—"Soonchun, Chosen, Asia."

MEXICO MISSION—For Linares—"Linares, Nuevo, Leon, Mexico." For Matamoros—"Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico." For Montemorelos—"Montemorelos, Nuevo Leon Mexico." For C. Victoria—"C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico."

